TALES

OF

OLD MR. JEFFERSON.

OF

GRAY'S INN.

COLLECTED BY

YOUNG MR. JEFFERSON,

OF

LYON'S INN.

THE FIRST SERIES.

—— Licuit semperque licebit
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MANDEVILLE; OR, THE VOYAGE.
(CONTINUED.)
THE CREOLE; OR, THE NEGRO SUICIDE.

MANDEVILLE;

OR,

THE VOYAGE

(CONTINUED.)

"AFTER my reflections upon general subjects had subsided, I began to view my immediate situation as more serious than I had before considered it. I reflected that notions of right and wrong, of honour and justice, are always found of little consequence when opposed to those who possess arbitrary power; and I recalled to my mind the numberless instances in which young and unprotected persons had been ruined both in the military and civil services of our country, by pursuing a course of abstract right in opposition to the designs or inclinations of their superiors. When the excitement of my controversy with the Captain had subsided, and my mind became wearied by thought, I began to find myself melan-

choly, and desirous of that consolation which we derive from companionship, even with those whose association under other circumstances would be worse than a matter of indifference to us.

"That day I of course expected to derive consolation from the visits and sympathy of my brother officers, but the day passed, and not a soul did I see. I knew not what to attribute it to; a second, a third, and a fourth day passed, and nobody called on me. I now began to see in practice what I had long known in theory, the degeneracy of human nature. It is wonderful how soon a man in distress is forgotten by his most intimate friends and dearest relations. I even reverted with sadness, to Mr. Upton's tale of his pecuniary embarrassments, and reflected upon the heartless and unprincipled conduct of his nearest relative, his cousin, Robert Powell.

"In a fortnight I learnt from my servant that the Commodore, knowing that he had no substantial grounds of complaint against Lieutenant Bedford, had thought proper to release that officer, and that all his spleen, or rather the spleen of his infamous adviser, Mr. Muckworth Praed, was levelled against me.

"I now expected a visit of condolence from Bedford, to screen whom from the machinations of Praed, I had incurred the displeasure of the Commodore. But day after day, week after week elapsed, and I saw nothing of my protégé. I learnt from my servant, that Muckworth Praed had resumed his situation at the board of the officers, and although despised by every body, yet under the protection of the Commodore, he kept his place.

"At length I had been kept for nine weeks a close prisoner to the cabin, the dimensions of which were about eight feet by six, and the height hardly sufficient to admit of my standing upright; as half of this cabin was occupied by the carriage and hinder part of an eighteen pounder, and the remainder encumbered with my cot or bed, I had no space to move. For nine weeks therefore was I pent up in this small space, amidst the burning heat of the torrid zone, in climes to which my constitution had not been inured by any previous service.

"My positions were alternately sitting, lying, or standing. I had not the means of walking scarcely a single step. The fortitude of my mind never forsook me, but my health began

sensibly to decline. The Commodore was by this time aware, that any thing he had to urge against me was so futile, that he would be ashamed to lay it before a court-martial, and he began also to be heartily ashamed of his friend and adviser, Mr. Muckworth Praed.

"He had not magnanimity enough to confess his error and to release me from my confinement, but he hoped by rigour of treatment to break my spirit into submission, or by its breaking my constitution to rid himself of me altogether, a calculation which had often been relied on in cases similar to my own, where a lordly superior had confined an inferior on charges too trifling to advance before a tribunal, and which he therefore could not get rid of but by either his own submission, or the submission or disappearance of his antagonist.

"I had been confined for fourteen weeks, when one morning I was surprised to see entering my cabin, the first Lieutenant of the ship, Mr. Money.

"He offered me his hand, but I thought his conduct towards me had been so destitute of feeling, that I tacitly declined the advance, by simply bowing.

" 'Mandeville,' said he, 'I am exceedingly sorry to see you in this situation.'

" 'I suppose so, Sir, as you have taken care not to see me for fourteen weeks.'

" 'Why, as to that, Captain Mandeville, you know we all like you very much, and we hate that cursed scoundrel, Praed.'

" 'And yet, Sir, you abandon the man you like, and associate with him whom you hate as a scoundrel.'

" 'Why, what's the use, you know, Captain Mandeville, to displease our commanding officer.'

" 'Did he forbid any of the gentlemen of the ward-room visiting me.'

" 'No; but we knew he would not like it, and we were sure that the sneaking scoundrel, Praed, would carry it into the cabin.'

" 'And is it possible that men calling themselves gentlemen, and aspiring to dignities in their profession, can be influenced even in cases of humanity and truth, by such vile and servile considerations.'

" 'But, I say, Captain Mandeville, what is the use of holding out in this manner, and aggravating the Commodore. Let me advise you as a friend—'

" 'Mr. Money, never prostitute that sacred name, we never have been friends; and I now feel we never can be so. Really, Sir, leaving me for fourteen weeks unnoticed in solitary confinement, and now calling yourself my friend, I wonder where can be your good sense.'

" 'Why that's neither here nor there; but only let me advise you to apologize to the Commodore, and all may be well; and you may be walking the quarter-deck again amongst us.'

" 'I am astonished, Mr. Money, you can assume the right of advising me at all, or can venture to insult me by such proposals. Tell me, Sir, one thing. Are you not sent to me clandestinely by the Commodore?'

" 'No, on my honour.'

" 'Nor secretly, by Mr. Muckworth Praed? Come, Sir, you hesitate. I see the truth; you will make a sorry ambassador unless you can cease to colour and to falter when taxed with the truth. Now, Sir, tell your employer this, I make no apology, and so far from wishing to screen myself from a court-martial, I shall not only demand one immediately I am once more under the protection of British laws, but I shall further demand a court-martial on the Commo-

dore himself, for confining me in this manner for fourteen weeks upon charges either frivolous, or conjured up by an artful scoundrel of a lawyer, Mr. Muckworth Praed, whom it is a disgrace to any British officer to patronize.'

" 'You are warm, Captain Mandeville; but excuse me for saying, that I know more of these matters than you can possibly do. British laws, equal justice, oaths, honour, and words of that sort, are very fine sounds, and captivating to young minds; but recollect that in asking for a court-martial upon the Commodore, the Commodore happens to be a naval Captain, and the court which will try him will consist of thirteen members, of whom twelve will be captains; and let me tell you, this will make no small difference in your appeal to justice. If the cook of the ship be tried by twelve captains, or by twelve cooks, the verdicts I should think would differ very much from each other.'

" 'I know, Sir, the errors in many of the institutions of my country, but whatever may be the present nature of our naval courts-martial, I shall depend on the justice of my cause, and upon the rectitude of those who

will try my case. I have nothing further to say upon the subject.'

" Mr. Money retired, evidently displeased at the failure of his mission. I remained three weeks longer a prisoner, when my cabin was entered by Mr. Bedford, who advanced towards me with all the confidence of a warm reception.

" ' Ah, Mandeville, my dear friend, how do you do; by Jove, you look as if you did not stand the warm weather well, it is plaguily hot; I do not wonder you look ill. The fever has broke out in our ship; we have three officers and seventeen of the men on the list for fever, and eleven others have already died; we shall have warm work in about a month, and Dr. M'Siller is making us drink lime-juice, and half kill ourselves by exercise, that we may not take the infection. But upon my soul you look devilish ill; how do you feel, my dear fellow.'

" ' Between astonishment and indignation at your venturing to address me in this confident and flippant style, as if unconscious of your behaviour towards me. It was less in defence of general principles, than to rescue

yourself from the snares which entangled you, that I stood forward in your defence, you have suffered me to remain in this wretched state for seventeen weeks, and have never shewn me the sympathy of friendship, have never consoled me during one solitary hour of my imprisonment. I thought you, Mr. Bedford, a good hearted, spirited gentleman.'

" 'Why, as to all that, Captain Mandeville, you know well that all the officers like you very much, and wish you could get to windward of the Commodore, and of his rascally friend Praed; but it is impossible to see you whilst you are under the displeasure of the commanding officer, without his knowing it; and then he would take offence, and although he could not exactly bring one to a court-martial for it, yet when you quarrel with the big ones, your cause may be all very right, but you are sure to have the worst of it sooner or later.'

" 'And pray, Mr. Bedford, is conscious rectitude, is the cause of noble and independent principles no set off against what you call having the worst of it.'

" 'Why, Captain Mandeville, conscious rectitude is not promotion, you know; and what

is the use of standing forward for principles; see what I got by my spirit in the cabin that day; why I was confined to my birth for a fortnight, and then devilish glad to make it up. That Praed's the biggest villain of a lawyer, he watches all of us, and makes notes, and will get our promotion stopped by the lies the rascal can tell at head-quarters. So we must be careful till we can break the scoundrel's bones.'

" 'Well, Sir, I thought better of you, I thought a generous though a misguided spirit animated your bosom, and that you, at your age at least, would scorn the base and petty maxims by which the servile hope to rise; but I see—'

" 'Captain Mandeville, you are devilish plain in your language; but let me ask you what a lubberly fool a man must be to sacrifice his interests for the cake of fine principles and independence. Why the very fellows whom such as you would wish to protect or to exalt by your example of fortitude and spirit, will neglect, or even turn against you, and crouch, and kiss the feet of the oppressor, if he is a high one. Why if a fellow has got a title, or a high birth, or plenty of cash, let

him be as big a rogue as that fellow Praed, and you will find all those under him will take his injustice and abuse, and praise, and pretend to approve of all he does. Who the devil would lose any thing worth having for such a set as we meet with now-a-days?'

" 'Ah, Sir, I am afraid there is much truth in what you say. Even you can teach me practical wisdom. I am too abstract a man.'

" 'Why, look at our ward-room mess, look how that rascal Praed treats them all, and see how they bear it. Who the deuce would maintain the right for such a set of curs, whose only struggle is for the bone. 'Tout pour la tripe,' as Mounseer says.'

" 'And are we to give up what is right and noble because we estimate our companions unworthy of a sacrifice from us? But pray Mr. Bedford, what is the object of your visiting me to-day?'

" 'Why I only wish that you could bring matters about with the Commodore.'

" 'Who has sent you to me for that purpose?'

" 'Why I cannot say but that he has begged me to speak to you.'

"'You may tell the Commodore that I have not altered my resolutions since his first Lieutenant was ordered to see me on the subject.'

"'Why, Captain Mandeville, *things* are altered since Mr. Money saw you. We have now got into the Indian Ocean, and in less than a month we shall be at the Philippines, and then we are to proceed to the Pacific Ocean. We shall have some shot fired before long; there will be warm work, and you had better be free before that arrives; you want recruiting.'

"'Your arguments, Mr. Bedford, affect the personal expediency, and not the principles of my conduct. To end this conference I must beg you to return the Commodore for answer, that I continue in the resolution to demand a court-martial both upon myself and upon him; and now, Sir, I must beg to be left alone.'

"Mr. Bedford left my cabin, and I remained for another fortnight a prisoner, when the Commodore sent for me into his cabin. I had been confined nineteen weeks, and so nearly had lost the use of my limbs, that I could scarcely walk up the ladders.

"At last I tottered into the cabin, where was seated the Commodore, and by his side the arch-fiend, Mr. Praed.

"The Commodore began to address me with an affectation of candour and feeling.

"'Captain Mandeville, I have naturally been sorry that your most extraordinary conduct in setting your commanding officer at defiance, has obliged me to keep you a prisoner for so long a period'—and here there was a long pause.

"I replied, 'if, Commodore Fadladeen, I am expected to reply to your observation, I must request that both the observation and reply may be committed to paper, or that Mr. Muckworth Praed may retire from the cabin, as I have already had a specimen of his honour and integrity as a witness.'

"The long, sallow, and wrinkled visage of Mr. Praed looked demoniac as he consented to withdraw.

"'And now, Commodore Fadladeen, being alone, I must laconically, and once for all, declare to you, that whether I have done any thing to entitle you to detain me a prisoner for so long a period, under the aggravated circumstance of this climate, a court-martial will

one day determine; and until such a determination be obtained, I consider myself obliged to obey whatever order you may please to make relative to the disposal of my person.'

" 'My powers are exceedingly great, Captain Mandeville, if I chose to go to their full length.'

" 'You will, of course, exercise your discretion, Sir, on that subject.'

" 'I should be sorry if your obstinacy were to oblige me to effect the disgrace and ruin of so young an officer. You had better, Captain Mandeville, reflect upon your critical situation.'

" 'Sir John, let me shorten this discussion by at once informing you, that I am not to be intimidated; nor can I be deceived by any professions of mercy or kindness, after the confinement to which you have subjected me. I have communicated to you my resolutions, and I shall not depart from them.'

" The Commodore now walked up and down the cabin several times in apparent confusion. At length turning suddenly round, he began,

" 'Captain Mandeville, in spite of your obstinacy, and of your enmity against myself, I have resolved not to ruin you in the service,

by letting your conduct come before a court-martial, and I am resolved to release you from confinement; but as I think it would be improper to retain you in the ship, after what has happened, you will be sent immediately to command about fifty of your men, that I intend to transfer on board of the Lion.'

"'You will recollect, Commodore Fadladeen, that I protest against any such a measure; as it is calculated to cast a stigma upon me, and to degrade me in the service.'

"'Oh, Sir, not all degrading; I will even give you a private letter of explanation to the Captain of the Lion.'

"'No private letter, Sir John Fadladeen, if you please. Having verbally protested against being sent on board the Lion, I shall commit that verbal protest to writing, and then I have done all that is requisite on my part, and shall only have to obey any orders you may please to give.'

"'And which are, Sir, that you immediately repair on board the Lion; the boat is already alongside, to convey you, and you will deliver to Captain Vallerton this letter, upon the subject of your being sent to him.'

"'If it be a private letter, Sir John, I cannot deliver it.'

"'The letter from the Commodore to one of his captains you may presume is a public letter, and I command you to take it; but I will not part at strife with you, Captain Mandeville, I offer you my hand.'

"'Commodore Fadladeen, I would give you my hand without reluctance, as it is not in my nature to bear malice, but you will, I trust, excuse me for declaring that I hold it an essential moral duty to shew, by our conduct, our disapprobation of certain characters. The court-martial I shall require upon you will be for the vindication of general principles, and for the benefit of the service, and not in resentment of the personal injury you have inflicted upon me.'

"The Commodore, like other naval officers, was so little accustomed to be resisted, or reasoned with, that he was astounded at my resolution, and at last ended by bowing me out of the cabin, with awkwardness and confusion.

"In a quarter of an hour I had prepared every thing, and took my farewell of the Bri-

tannia, a ship in which I had suffered so much indignity and oppression.

"The day was remarkably fine, and after my close confinement of nineteen weeks, the open air was to me a refreshment beyond description, and the boat gliding through the open sea, afforded me the most pleasurable sensations.

"In about half an hour I was alongside the Lion, an old sixty-four. On ascending the side, I was met, at the break of the quarter-deck, by an officer of the most imposing appearance, who was standing with his glass, or telescope, under his arm.

"He was of a majestic figure, of about six feet two or three inches high; broad in the extreme in the shoulders and chest, and tapering to the waist in the finest proportion. His limbs were exceedingly muscular, but of the finest form, and were expressive, at once, of the most powerful and elegant action. A noble carriage of the body, and a commanding countenance, of the heroic cast, completed this extraordinary figure. His features, however, were rather too finely drawn for the herculean majesty of his person, but they had been hardened by service, and were well set

off by a full and brilliant eye, which beamed with intelligence and every noble quality.

"He appeared to look at me with equal surprise, and we made each other three or four slow deliberate bows, without speaking. At length approaching him, I said,

"'Captain Vallerton, I suppose—I am the bearer of a letter to you, on service from the Commodore.'

"'It is not often, Sir, that the Commodore honours me with his commands by the medium of a gentleman of your profession; is there no naval officer in the boat?'

"'Yes, Sir, there is a Lieutenant in the boat;' and at this instant the Lieutenant himself appeared, presenting a letter to Captain Vallerton.

"Captain Vallerton asked us into the cabin, and I observed, that whilst he was reading the letter which the Lieutenant had brought him, he perused my face several times, with the greatest earnestness.

"Presently the Lieutenant whispered something into the Captain's ear.

"'Speak out, Sir,' said Captain Vallerton, 'we are all of the profession, and there needs no whispering.'

" 'But the Commodore,' answered the Lieutenant, 'ordered me to request a private interview of a few minutes.'

" 'Then, Sir, we had better retire into the after-cabin.'

" They had not been gone two minutes, when they returned, and Captain Vallerton, in a tone of evident displeasure, said to the Lieutenant, 'You will give my compliments to the Commodore, and tell him that his *written* instructions shall be obeyed, but that I cannot receive any communication such as you have now made me, unless they are officially conveyed upon paper.'

" The officer was now dismissed, and Captain Vallerton, sending for his first-lieutenant, introduced me to him in the most gentlemanly manner, desiring him to present me to the ward-room officers.

" I found my mess composed very differently from that of the Commodore's vessel. It consisted of four lieutenants, plain, unassuming sea-officers, with all the virtues and vices of that description of persons; their vices moderated, perhaps, by their endeavouring to catch the better nature of their commander. We had also in the mess the doctor,

a man of considerable science, the master, the purser, and myself, making in all eight persons.

"From the long and solitary confinement I had suffered, to be suddenly restored to society, to air, to exercise, and freedom, was indeed a paradise.

"In my new mess we lived in the utmost harmony, and the Captain daily grew more attentive to me, having always conducted himself towards me in the most gentlemanly manner.

"I had been on board of his ship for some little time, when I was engaged to dine in the cabin, my companions being the Lieutenant and one of the Midshipmen of the forenoon watch.

"The drum beating for dinner, I entered the cabin, but it turned out that the drum had beat, by mistake, about half an hour before dinner was ready. The company were about to retire, but Captain Vallerton stopped us in the most elegant manner, observing, 'that he was much indebted to the mistake of the drummer, as it afforded him the pleasure of our company before he otherwise should have enjoyed it.'

"We sat down in conversation, but in about

five minutes the Captain was summoned on deck, to attend to a signal which had been made from the Commodore.

"He did not return for some little time, and the conversation becoming rather vapid, I had walked to the book-ease, where, to my surprise, I found Mr. Pope's new work, the Translation of Homer. I had not seen it. I took it from the shelf with anxiety, and leaning the book against my breast and the door of the book-case, I soon found my attention deeply interested. So engrossed was I by the work, that without my noticing it, the drum had again beat, the dinner had been served, and the guests were standing round the table, only waiting for myself to be seated.

"Captain Vallerton was standing at the head of the table, and had twice summoned my attention in vain; the guests were smiling at my abstraction.

"'Captain Mandeville,' said Captain Vallerton, 'we shall all grow outrageous, if you spoil our dinner; the stomach has its claims as well as the mind, and I am much disposed just now to support the plebeian rights of the former.'

"I coloured at this summons, put down the

book, and hastened to the table. I apologized at my having gone to the book-case at all. But I said, 'I of all things longed to see a work, the prospectus of which had excited such interest, and I was not aware that it was out.'

" 'I made a great effort to procure it,' replied Vallerton, 'before the ship sailed, and barely succeeded; the book was sent on board only a few hours before we got under weigh. You have been reading it some time with great earnestness; I suppose it excites your admiration?'

" 'I have read but one book, Sir; it is very splendid, but it is not Homer.'

" 'Are you sufficiently well acquainted with the Greek to criticise passages?'

" I coloured at this question, taking it as a rebuke upon my pedantry.

" Captain Vallerton saw he was misunderstood, and hastened to remove the impression. 'I mean,' continued he, 'that I am very shallow in my knowledge of the Greek language, and if you are better acquainted with the subject, I was going to take the liberty of requesting your assistance in a few passages, in which I do not take the sense of Homer to be

exactly as Mr. Pope has given it in the English translation.'

"I replied, 'that the little knowledge I possessed was much at his service, that I had much to answer for if I were ignorant of the classics, as I had so assiduous and excellent a master in Mr. Upton.'

"'You are acquainted with Mr. Upton?' rejoined Captain Vallerton.

"'I had the honour to be his constant companion and bosom friend for some time.'

"'Perhaps you may have heard then of my name before you joined the squadron?'

"'I have heard Mr. Upton speak of you, Sir,'

"'And in no very favourable terms, I am afraid; for Mr. Upton is a stern moralist, and as such must despise the man who has no better way of terminating a private quarrel than by a private combat.'

"'Mr. Upton has spoken with regret of your duel with Captain Montagu; but Montagu was a very mistaken man. I know Mr. Upton to have the highest opinion of you, Captain Vallerton.'

"'Why, Captain Montagu had behaved with the most aggravated guilt towards my

helpless and unhappy brother; and the chances in the fight were much against me, as Montagu had the reputation of being the best swordsman in Europe; but to revert to our subject of Mr. Pope, if you would give me an hour of your time to-morrow morning, I should really be obliged to you.'

"I assented to this proposal with pleasure, and the next morning I spent several hours in private study with the Captain.

"I found he was entirely a self-taught man, and had all the excellencies and defects of self-taught people. His powerful mind had acquired a deep and extensive knowledge of the Greek and Latin authors, and had read them in connection with the institutions, the laws, the habits, customs and philosophy of those distant ages; he had perused them also with a fine taste, thoroughly enjoying their beauties, and making them an invaluable source of amusement to relieve the dull monotony of his professional life. But I found, that like most other self-taught people, he had substituted enlarged views and natural sagacity, for patient and laborious research into philological minutiæ and verbal criticism.

"In philosophy and science however he was greatly my superior. His mighty genius had taken a vast and comprehensive view of nature and her works. He was most thoroughly acquainted with the abstract sciences, and in metaphysics his knowledge was most profound. He seemed suited by nature to penetrate into the recesses of the creation. Here I contemplated a great and powerful mind in its proper element.

"Before the morning ended, Captain Vallerton had made a just estimate of our separate acquirements, and observing that we might benefit each other materially, by his instructing me in philosophy, and by my assisting him in the classics, we arranged a course of studies to be pursued by us daily during the voyage.

"For a month we had spent nearly eight hours of each day in this useful and refined manner, relieving the intolerable idleness and vacuity of a sea life; and I had acquired the thorough confidence and affections of this most able and veteran officer, or at least he had acquired mine. How strongly was my present life in contrast to that which I had led with that trifling and dishonourable man,

the Commodore of the squadron, and his creature, Mr. Muckworth Praed.

"One morning at nine, I entered the cabin to pursue my usual literary and scientific researches with my friend. I found Vallerton much depressed in spirits, and attributed it to the excessive heat of the weather. I tried to elevate him by witty and light conversation, but my efforts were unavailing.

"'Mandeville,' said he, taking my hand with the most impressive tenderness, 'I know you well, I have penetrated the very inmost recesses of your soul. Mr. Upton is an extraordinary character, and his having selected you for a friend, was a passport to my affections and to my confidence, but I have yet thought proper to judge for myself; and would to heavens providence had blessed me in you as a son, a son to whom I might point out the brilliant path of fame, might press him forward in the glorious race, might urge him on to ——— to what? (said he, making a pause) to mortification and disappointment; it was but a momentary vision, thank heaven I have no son. My dear young friend, I was picturing to myself the race of a hero for you, and was

in fancy pressing you to my bosom as my only son, but thank God, I have no child. I am the last of my race. Mandeville, my course is run, the game of life is up with me, it will soon be over, and vexation and disappointment will cease.'

" 'You are not seriously ill, Sir, I hope.'

" 'Oh yes, I am sick in spirit, sick at heart The delusion which has animated me through life's fever, has just been dissipated, the ardour of hope has vanished, and all appears in its terrible reality. Well, let others chace the bubble. My sun has struggled to attain the meridian, it has beamed but in clouds just above the horizon, and now its fitful fever will be over, it sinks in endless darkness. What a farce is life, thank heaven it's past with me.'

" 'My friend, Captain Vallerton, you are gloomy and indisposed. A man of your intellect surely will not be so weak as to conceive in himself a prophetic spirit, to foresee his death.'

" 'If I am brave and wise, Mandeville, I suppose 'the fears of the brave and the follies of the wise,' assail me as well as others, but superstition however is not one of my weaknesses. No, my friend, I allude not to my

physical death, but to the death of all the brilliant hopes, which a proud and aspiring spirit conceived in the outset of life. I have been thinking of my parents, of the ardour with which I launched into the world, of the glorious goal to which in fancy I aspired; and I have been thinking how all my hopes have been crossed, and that I am now sinking amongst the countless multitude who die without a name. I am even insulated in life. Never until this morning has the animating delusion of hope been so thoroughly dissipated from my mind, and my heart has withered as the phantom has fled. This train of reflection has been awakened in me by my tracing yourself through the maze of life which lies in prospect before you.

"'My existence has been such a scene of baffled hopes and of disappointment, that I have always resolved to do what all wise people ought to do in such a case:—not to reflect upon that, the reflection upon which can but occasion misery, without example or improvement. I have always had fortitude enough to preserve that resolution, but I know not how it is, the scenes of my past life have now intruded themselves upon my

mind with such irresistible force, that I have been unable to avoid the reflection. If, my valued friend, you are sufficiently interested in my fate, to put up with the long history of my life, it would rather soothe than irritate me to relate the chequered scene of my existence.'

" 'Indeed, Sir, of all things, I am most desirous of knowing the adventures of your early life, and should often have broached the subject to you, but from a fear of incurring your displeasure, or your suspicion of improper curiosity. I hope you will beguile this heavy morning, by relating what cannot fail to interest me.'

" To begin, my friend, from a very early period, I must relate to you that I am the cousin to the Earl of Hapsburgh, and the son of a bankrupt wine-merchant. The poverty of my family began from the period of James the First.

" The then Earl of Hapsburgh, boasted himself to be the head of the most ancient and splendid family in Europe, not in possession of a throne or principality. But unfortunately in great families, the rent-roll and the herald's roll often bear a very disproportionate relation, and thus it was in the instance to which I

allude, for the Earl's estates were large in extent, but the altered state of the country, the flux of wealth and population to spots previously solitary, and the desertion of places once the busy scenes of human actions, had so altered the value of the Hapsburgh domains, that they were inadequate to the support of the family dignity.

"To add to this misfortune, the estates were daily becoming of less importance, and the Earl being proud, and splendid in his ideas, and generous by nature, he soon found himself in the situation of titled pauperism. When misfortunes assail a family, they generally come in thick battalions, and to add to this distressing condition of the Earl, fortune, as if to put his Lordship's fortitude and philosophy to the severest test, blessed him with fourteen fine and healthy children, all of whom, except one, put medicine, the faculty, and the natural causes of decay at defiance.

"To come to a sort of climax, the youngest, or thirteenth child, a cornet in a regiment of heavy dragoons, must take it into his head to be a man of sentiment and feeling; and disregarding all the dictates of prudence, he thought proper to marry the daughter of a poor

clergyman, a lady who had beauty, elegance, wit, learning, grace, temper, and health, but who was destitute of that which was of all things requisite to a man in her husband's situation. She had neither lands, nor money in possession, reversion, nor expectancy. But fortune determined, in this instance, to bring to a speedy and decided proof whether reason be on the side of the philosopher who despises, or on that of the worldly man who adores her divinity; for in the space of some fifteen years, she presented this couple with twelve fine sons and daughters, and the Honourable Colonel Hapsburg, without a shilling but his pay, found it exceedingly difficult to lodge, feed, clothe, and educate himself, a wife, and twelve children, all of them aiming at the ease, enjoyments, and appearance of respectable life.

"This state of affairs soon ended as similar circumstances usually end; in a few years the gallant Colonel found himself intimately acquainted with John Doe and Richard Roe, and at last was an inmate of his Majesty's asylum for unfortunate debtors, commonly called the King's Bench.

"In these his humble quarters he remained

nearly fifteen years, his faithful wife performing every menial office for him, even occasionally to washing his linen. At length illness relieved him in this wretched abode.

"The family had never noticed the Colonel's wife, nor indeed had they much noticed himself; his brother, the Earl, for the father was now dead, had occasionally sent her some carp and tench caught in the waters of his park; he sent him game in the season, and about once in eighteen months he paid him a visit of about half an hour long, in which he inquired *most kindly* into the brother's affairs.

"But now the honourable Colonel being dead, it was absolutely necessary for the family to attend to the destitute children, the nephews and nieces of the proud and imperious Earl of Hapsburgh. They were disposed of as children in such cases generally are. Two boys were sent as midshipmen in the navy, two were made ensigns in the army, one was appointed a cadet, two received appointments of about four hundred a year each in government offices, and the still more unhappy girls became dependant companions to proud, unfeeling, ascetic old aunts and cousins.

"But there were two children, the youngest, who were to be supported by the widow on her pension; one of these fortunately died, but the remaining one, the youngest child of the family, lived to share his mother's poverty.

"At length this unfortunate outcast was doomed to serve behind the counter of a shop in St. George's Fields. The shop at which the Colonel had been accustomed to deal during his confinement in the Bench. And thus was the nephew to the then Earl, and the cousin to the succeeding Earl of Hapsburgh, a common shopman in an inferior shop; and whilst the Earl although poor, was yet splendidly entertained by the titled members of the state, his first cousin was considered as not genteel enough for the parties of inferior tradesmen. How ridiculous is it then to talk of birth, when one unfortunate marriage could make the cousin of a peer, a porter in a shop.

"This unfortunate man, in order not to bring degradation on the escutcheon of his ancestors, had been made to assume the name of Vallerton; and it is to him I owe my being, so that I am the second cousin of the present Earl of Hapsburgh, although I never saw his Lordship, nor one of the family; nor would

they, I suppose, acknowledge me were I to claim kindred.

"But my father was a man of talents, and soon emerged from the exceeding poverty of his station. He became a clerk to a wealthy wine-merchant of the city. Soon was he his master's head clerk, and shortly after he became his master's son-in-law, and finally the inheritor of his business.

"This gentleman, my father, had several daughters, none of whom survived their parent; but he had also seven sons, and so desirous was he of regaining in his own family a portion of the hereditary rank from which misfortunes had excluded him, that he resolved to devote all his children to arms, with the ambitious hope of at least one of them distinguishing himself.

"Three of my gallant brothers fell in the campaigns of Marlborough. One headed a forlorn hope, and was shot through the heart whilst he was waving the British flag triumphantly on the walls of L———, which he had so bravely scaled. The Duke made honourable mention of him in his dispatch; a second brother fell gallantly fighting under the Duke's eye at Blenheim; the third had risen to the

rank of Major, and was with his regiment at the desperate battle of Malplaquet. His regiment, with two others, had to carry an important point of the enemy's lines; they charged with the bayonet, but the slaughter of the troops was so prodigious, thst the line began to recoil, the colonel was struck down by a cannon ball, and the troops were on the point of, to say the best of it, a disorderly retreat, when my brother at the crisis seized a standard, and heading the men led them to the charge; inspired by his example, they carried their point, but in the moment of victory, he who had won the laurel, fell pierced with wounds, which his animation in the contest had prevented having an immediate effect. His name appeared conspicuous in the gazette.

"Of my brothers in the naval service, one eminently distinguished himself under Sir Cloudesly Shovel, but never rose above the rank of a lieutenant. He was killed at the head of a boarding party, which captured a French corvette. My second brother had volunteered his services on shore with the active and indefatigable Earl of Peterborough. The Earl had entrusted to him the defence of a

small fort near Barcelona, and my brother had maintained it so gallantly, that Lord Peterborough was thanking him for his conduct, and assuring him of his private patronage, when a grape shot tore him asunder. My third brother, after being dreadfully maimed in the service, retired from it with disgust at his claims being neglected by the government. He had attained the rank of master and commander, and after living on his half-pay for many years, the poor fellow fell in a manner already related in this narrative.

"I was now the only son on whom my almost childless father could doat, and he had a great repugnance to my entering the service of a country so insensible to the claims of those who are destitute of interest. But my ardour, and my zealous desire to shine in arms was so great, that even my desponding parent imagined that I might be destined to revive the glory of my ancestry.

"With his consent then, I embraced the naval service, and at thirteen I entered as a midshipman on board of the Colchis, a new thirty-six gun frigate. This ship was commanded by a Sir Philip Yorke, a man whose union of a fine genius with a brave and gene-

rous heart, would have given lustre to the most heroic ages of antiquity. He had long been blockading two of the enemy's frigates in the port of Cherbourg, when a gale having driven him into Portsmouth, he obtained from the government leave of absence to visit his family; and ever ready to do a kind action, he used his influence with the government to grant the temporary command of the Colchis, to his first lieutenant, a Mr. Lokas.

"I happened to join this vessel just as Mr. Lokas had assumed the command. I entered on board of her at Spithead at noon, just as she was getting under way. We stretched off to the French coast with a fine breeze, and at midnight we found that the enemy whom we were to blockade, were just about to escape from port. This was a fine opportunity for so young an officer to distinguish himself; but our commander unfortunately was destitute of fortitude, of courage, of talents to command. A few ineffectual shot fired at a great distance, was all that took place on this occasion, and the enemy triumphantly pursued their destined course.

"A court of inquiry sat upon the conduct of Mr. Lokas, but he had not only interest

enough to hush up the affair, but soon after contrived to get himself appointed to the flag ship of the channel fleet, from which, in order to give Mr. Lokas an opportunity of retrieving his character, an expedition was fitted for the purpose of cutting out a French corvette that lay in the neighbourhood of Brest. This vessel was hardly worth the trouble of capturing, and they calculated that by cutting her out with the boats, we should lose from seventy to ninety men; but the enterprize was resolved on, or in other terms it was determined to sacrifice from seventy to ninety lives, in order to give a man of interest an opportunity of effacing the impression of his former misconduct. Here again Mr. Lokas was weighed in the balance and found wanting. As he entered the French harbour, he contrived to detach his boat from the main body of the assailants; his second in command gallantly pushed on to the object of their pursuit, and captured the enemy after a bloody and desperate conflict. When the action was over, Lieutenant Lokas rowed gallantly alongside the captured vessel, and lamented his misfortune in not having partaken of the fight.

"But nevertheless the interest of Lieute-

nant Lokas was so great, that we soon saw him metamorphosed into a Captain Lokas; and the Admiralty found it consistent with their conscience, with their zeal for the naval service of old England, and with their regard for human life, to entrust to this person the safety of a fine thirty-six gun frigate, with a complement of about three hundred and fifty of our brave defenders.

"It is known that in an action the number of killed and wounded, and the issue of the fight must depend greatly on the skill and courage of the commanding officer. He who therefore for the sake of interest, entrusts the lives of men to an incompetent officer, is justly guilty of the murder of all who fall in action above the number which might have fallen had the enemy been engaged with skill and bravery. This obvious consideration never influences our heads of the war department in bestowing their commands. Interest principally, or interest alone is the passport to employment, and thus your Sir John's and Sir James's, your Lord Henry's and Lord Frederick's, sail from our coasts with expeditions which from their incapacity as commanders,

must of necessity either fail, or at best succeed by an unnecessary sacrifice of lives. Yet the thoughtless and the corrupt never see the obvious truth, that their lives are mere offerings on the shrine of political corruption.

"Something of this sort was evinced in the case of Captain Lokas. He sailed to the East Indies on board of his thirty-six gun frigate, the Acis, and was one of a squadron that engaged an enemy's fleet. He avoided giving his friends any assistance during the brunt of the action, but when the fight was nearly over, and he could not possibly keep out of it any longer, he bore down upon the enemy; but from a want of fortitude and seamanship, he brought the Acis into action in so lubberly a manner, that in the first broadside the enemy destroyed one-third of his crew, and crippled him for the rest of the fight. However, Lokas escaped a court-martial, and always contrived to keep the command of some fine ship, and upon some favourite and advantageous station. This man's career opened my eyes a little as to the springs which move and regulate governments and institutions.

"I was now appointed a midshipman on

board of a line of battle ship in the fleet, which won the celebrated battle in the English channel. Whether the admiral merited a court-martial for doing so little, or whether he deserved the peerage he acquired nominally for doing so much, was a question then warmly agitated in the fleet; but the dispute is now laid at rest for ever. The admiral acquired an earldom, and his descendants ever since have been noble lords, and have boasted of course upon the glorious founder of their family distinction.

" But in this celebrated fight there was a most remarkable occurrence. A Captain Anthony Pye, commanded the Julius, a fine large and new eighty gun two-decked ship. This description of vessel was then almost unknown to our service, and would have been of inestimable use in attacking the small seventy-four gun ships which composed the enemy's line, or rather of greater use in defending our numerous small seventy-fours, from the large and beautiful two-decked vessels which the French naval architects had built, to the great envy of our less inventive artists.

" But no signal, no other effort could in-

duce this Captain of the Julius to partake of the fight, which he coolly witnessed from a respectable distance. At length, when the battle was nearly over, he bore down, and poured his destructive broadsides into an opposite seventy-four. The effect of this fire was decidedly felt by the English, for it happened to be directed against the British ship, the Bellerophon.

"Whether this conduct was the result of stupidity, of cowardice, of treason, or a complication of the whole, was much canvassed at the time. Suffice it to say, that Captain Pye was a man of estate, no notice was taken of his conduct by his superiors, and he would, no doubt, have commanded many other British ships of war, but for a Major Williams, of the marines, who served in the fleet.

"This patriotic officer burned with indignation to see Pye's offence pass off with impunity; and he wrote to the Admiralty, requiring a court-martial upon that officer. The young and ardent, whose hearts glowed with disinterested emotions, praised the spirited conduct of the Major, in espousing the cause of his country against such a traitor; but the old and prudent, who knew of what life was

composed, did not hesitate to say, that 'he had better leave it alone.'

"The Major, however, thought otherwise, and the Admiralty could not refuse his demand of a court-martial. The court was assembled at Portsmouth, and all the fleet expected the execution of Captain Pye as a necessary consequence of his conduct. But Pye was a Captain. The jury that tried him were all Captains, and all his private friends; the gallant Major supported his charge with spirit and wisdom, and it ended in Captain Pye being dismissed the naval service, and rendered incapable of ever serving his Majesty again. Considering that his services in this action consisted in killing a few dozen of his Majesty's subjects, it was very patriotic and sensible of the court to render him incapable of performing such future services to the country.

"All the men of spirit, who really felt a zeal for the service, and in whose eyes the interests of the country weighed more than the common-place maxims of personal prudence, extolled the Major for the patriotism, firmness, and disinterested conduct he had evinced throughout this affair; and he soon

received the attention of the Government of his country. A short time after the court-martial, he was acquainted that he *might* retire upon half-pay, and upon half-pay he retired, spending the remainder of his days in obscurity and neglect. So much for patriotism.

"The ship in which I served was now sent to compose one of a squadron commanded by a Lord Warenne Bolus, and stationed in the Irish Channel, to intercept a French fleet that was conveying troops for a descent upon the North of Ireland. Our squadron consisted of three sail of the line, and six frigates; and we soon fell in with that of the enemy, composed of one seventy-four and seven frigates.

"Again did my heart glow with the prospect of serving my country at this time of her utmost need. My imagination revelled in the thoughts of a brave and well fought action, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war gladdened my heart to enthusiasm.

"The enemy, at our approach, for want of coolness, or seamanship, formed no line, but lay huddled together, in so thick and confused a mass, that no one ship could have fired without the danger of hitting her compa-

nions. Here was a fine opportunity of dashing in amongst them; every shot from our fleet must have told with effect, for if it missed one vessel it was sure to tell on some of its neighbours, so thickly and confusedly were the enemy lying.

"Whilst our officers were, therefore, in momentary expectation of pouncing on their prey, what was their indignation at seeing the Commodore hang out the signal for the fleet to tack, to stand off from the enemy, and form the line. The fact was, that Lord Warenne was known to be a sort of fiddle-faddle coxcomb, without seamanship, personal courage, or talents of any sort, and the officers foresaw that this rencontre would end in the Commodore making a number of trifling signals and useless manœuvres, in the two fleets exchanging shots at a considerable distance, and in our cutting off and capturing perhaps a frigate, or perhaps two. All the enemy's fleet were in our power, and at length Captain Thornburgess, of the Robust, a seventy-four, and Lord Coursy, an Irish peer, commanding the Magnanimous, a forty-four, disregarded the Commodore's signals, and flew at the enemy. They captured the enemy's line-of-

battle ship, the La Hoche, and those Captains of the English frigates, who followed the example of the Robust and the Magnanimous, each took their opponents. In the mean time the gallant Commodore was standing quietly off, on the other tack, for the purpose, he alleged, of subsequently taking an advantageous position on the enemy's quarter, and the enemy perceiving his disinclination to support the British ships, now warmly engaged, took advantage of the circumstance, and separating, four of them escaped.

"Lord Warenne now dispatched his second-lieutenant to the Admiralty, with an account of his great victory, and the Gazette rung with blood and thunder and cannonade, and all the terrific terms of war.

"But when the Gazette reached the fleet, what was the surprise of Captain Thornburgess and Lord Coursy, who had really fought the action, to find that the gallant knight, the Commodore, had taken all the glory of the day to his own share, without even mentioning their names.

"They forthwith addressed a letter to their Commodore, acquainting him with their resentment at this omission of the part they had

taken in the fight; and they further acquainted him with their intention to request the appointment of a court-martial on his conduct.

"But forthwith appeared in the Gazette a letter from Lord Warenne, expressing his great regret that in his dispatch he should have omitted the names of Captain Thornburgess and Lord Coursy, whose zeal, talents, and bravery, had, he said, contributed so much to the victory obtained over the enemy. Shortly after this letter made its appearance, Lord Warenne's interest procured for Captain Thornburgess the honourable and lucrative appointment of Colonel of Marines, and it procured for Lord Coursy the command of the seventy-four which had borne Lord Warenne's broad-pendant during the action. These officers were, therefore, satisfied; no court-martial took place on Lord Warenne, but, on the contrary, Lord Warenne rose to all the honours and profits of his profession, and we have no doubt will shine in history as one of Britain's naval heroes. Such at present is man, and such is the present constitution of society. Only naval people learn the arcana of such affairs, and in the eyes of the world Lord Warenne Bolus is a hero of the first magnitude.

"From this naval engagement, or semi-engagement, my ship was ordered up the Mediterranean, where, although only a midshipman, I distinguished myself under Sir Cloudesly Shovel and Sir George Rooke. From the Mediterranean I served successively in the East and West Indies, and finally arrived at Portsmouth, after an absence of seven years.

"I had now nearly doubled my period of a midshipman's service, and had obtained no promotion, which greatly abated my sanguine views of the road I was to pursue to fame. At last I wrote a memorial to the Admiralty, in which I stated that I had been twelve years in the service; I had been in thirty-seven actions, and had received nine wounds; and that three of my brothers had lost their lives under the Duke of Marlborough; that two had been killed whilst serving in the navy, and the last of my brothers had retired from the naval service, disabled by severe wounds, and without pension or reward of any sort; I concluded by praying their Lordships to grant me promotion to the rank of Lieutenant.

"I received, in a few days, the usual official letter from the Secretary to the Admiralty, acknowledging the receipt of my memorial,

and informing me that it should be duly laid before the Board, for the consideration of their Lordships.

"Eleven months elapsed, and I heard nothing from the Admiralty, and consequently I continued serving as a midshipman, and with the mortification of seeing numerous young gentlemen put over my head, who had no claims whatever to promotion, at least so far as the service was concerned. I wrote to the Admiralty, to know the fate of my memorial, and in a few days I received a croaking letter from the Secretary, acquainting me that he had duly laid my memorial before the Board, and their Lordships had not thought proper to comply with my petition.

"My poor old father was chagrined and hurt in the extreme, at this disappointment, and he began to forebode that my course in arms would be as disastrous as that which the rest of his family had run. Mortified and broken hearted at the treatment I had met with, he resolved to settle his affairs and to retire altogether from the busy scene of life. With this view he called upon a noble Duke, residing in a large insulated house, in Piccadilly, to request the settlement of an account

of some thousand pounds, which his grace had owed my father for many years, for wine supplied to the family.

"The Duke protested his inability to discharge the account. My father urged the great amount of the bill, the many years it had been standing, and the necessity of the affair being settled, as he was retiring from business. At last the nobleman asked my father if he had no sons he wished to launch into the world, as he should be happy to take one under his patronage, in the public department over which he presided. The old gentleman, on this, related briefly the fate of all his family, concluding with an account of the treatment I had just received from the heads of the naval service.

"'Let me see,' said the peer, taking out his pencil and pocket-book, 'the young gentleman, you say, is named Animus Vallerton, of the Intrepid, twelve years in the service, in foreign stations, has been in thirty-seven actions, received nine wounds, lost five brothers in the service, this stated in a memorial, and the memorial unsuccessful. Mr. Vallerton, I have no doubt you will hear from me in a few days, upon the subject, and your son

will find that the Admiralty will be happy in acknowledging his irresistible claims on the country. And, Mr. Vallerton, I expect you will leave it to my convenience to settle your account, and will send me two pipes of the port-wine you represent as so excellent, and I will write to you respecting the French wines in a few days.'

"My father, of course, readily caught the meaning of this speech, and silently acquiesced in this wily arrangement. He could not, however, stoop to thank the peer for his kindness or patronage, both, because he considered it as given in barter, and because he was secretly mortified that the baseness of the Government should oblige his son to owe his promotion to any source so vile and degenerate.

"Suffice it, however, to say, that in less than a fortnight the Admiralty became sensible of the merits of my services, and I received from her Majesty my commission as a Lieutenant.

"I served as a Lieutenant for fourteen years, in every part of the world, and was engaged in every species of action. But my chief service lay in the West Indies, where I, at one

time, commanded a large schooner. I was most intimately acquainted with all the tides, currents, passages, rocks, coasts, and harbours in that intricate and dangerous navigation, and my activity was such that I almost rid those seas of the buccaneers and French and Spanish schooners. This was a most dangerous service, and required all the enterprize and intrepidity of a pirate with the skill and higher qualities of a naval officer. These buccaneers were a most active and desperate set of fellows; they sailed in vessels of a description which rendered it useless to give chase in a larger ship, for they not only sailed well, but they used their sweeps, or oars, in calm weather, and put into shallow creeks, where our naval officers always found it fatal to follow them. Their vessels were always full of a daring and desperate band of pirates, which rendered it almost impossible to carry them by boarding, unless you had greatly the superiority in numbers.

"My first exploit against these fellows was a night attack upon a squadron of seven vessels, which had been recruiting, or enjoying themselves, in a small harbour, on the coast of St. Domingo. Two of these vessels were each

fully competent to engage me with a reasonable prospect of success, and the five others, conjointly, might have bid defiance to twice my force.

"The pirates were commanded by a man whose cruelty and valour had rendered him a terror to all the islands. He never conceived I would venture to attack him at all, much less that I would have the assurance to follow him into his den; he knew that the point of honour would prevent a man of war running away from a pirate, and he therefore made so sure of capturing me, that he ordered all his men on board, at day-break, to sail with the tide, to engage me.

"It was one of those cases where nothing but skill, bravery, promptitude, and good fortune could avail a man. Fortunately I knew the intricacies of the entrance to the harbour as well as the buccaneer himself, and I resolved on a night attack.

"At midnight I glided into the harbour with the flood tide, and before day-break I had boarded the two largest vessels without occasioning the least alarm. The crews were on shore, and the few persons on board I removed

to my own ship, and laying a train for their explosion, I proceeded to the rest of the fleet.

"Just as this celebrated buccaneer was putting off from the shore, with about two hundred and fifty men, the crews of the two vessels which I had boarded, and in which he intended putting to sea for my destruction, he saw both of his ships explode, and immediately after discovered me in the harbour, pouring a destructive fire of grape and canister into his boats, and my broadsides of round and double-headed shot into the squadron which I had by this time approached.

"But this bold and hardy pirate was not to be daunted by these disasters. In spite of my grape and canister having sunk seven of his boats, and killed about two hundred of his men, he intrepidly rowed through my fire, and getting on board of his principal schooner, hoisted his red flag, to shew his squadron that he was amongst them, and was resolved neither to give nor to receive quarter. He fought the battle with great courage and skill, but my attack having begun before his fleet was even aware of my approach, they had never been able to get in a proper condition for the fight.

One of the vessels sunk alongside of me with her colours flying, and the men went down venting the most bitter curses on my head. A second vessel afterwards blew up, and a third being unable to float, the crew run her on a rock, where she went to pieces. The two remaining vessels fell into my hands, but my fire had made them unseaworthy, so I burnt them to the water's edge, and afterwards towed them to sea and scuttled them.

"I computed that about five hundred of the enemy had been killed, wounded, or drowned, in the action, and that between three and four hundred had escaped on shore under their commander. I resolved to make my victory complete, by entirely destroying the whole nest of these buccaneers; taking advantage of the panic I had struck into them, I landed with the whole of my crew, by this time reduced to about ninety men. A small field-piece, or rather a large swivel, I carried with me on shore, did such dreadful execution amongst them, that they resolved to come to close quarters with us. They formed in a good military line, and bore upon us with a firm and steady charge. Few of us had bayonets, and I therefore was obliged to rush in

amongst them with our cutlasses, parrying their bayonets with our left arms. We cut the front rank down with our swords, and breaking their line, did great execution amongst them. But their numbers were so great, that they got into our rear and on our flanks, all was going against us, when I made one desperate effort, and meeting arm to arm with that desperate ruffian their commander, I slew him in single fight; his men were panic struck, and gave way. We counted three hundred killed and wounded on the ground, but except the wounded, we took no prisoners, as no man yielded till he was disabled by shot or sabre.

" I stormed their fort, into which their fugitives had thrown themselves, and having destroyed all their stores, I disembarked with sixty prisoners whom I had captured in the fort.

" I reached Jamaica with my vessel dismasted and her sides like a sieve, or ridded by the enemy's shot; of a crew of one hundred and fifty men but fifty-four remained; every officer was killed or wounded, and myself confined to my cot with a musket ball in my thigh and a second in my groin.

" Sixteen of my prisoners were hanged in

Jamaica, for having been convicted as the crew of a vessel that never spared the lives of their captives of either sex. All the sixty prisoners were condemned to die as pirates; but those who were not convicted of murder or of cruelty to the passengers or crews of the vessels they captured or robbed, I got reprieved, for the hardy and desperate valour they had evinced in the fight, excited my admiration, and redeemed, according to my views, their former course of life; but I treated those wretches who were to die for their ferocity, with horror and contempt. They died however with a fortitude worthy of a better cause; they refused even to solicit my interference in their behalf, and went to the scaffold singing their celebrated war song, descriptive of the glory of a fight, and the free range of a pirate's life. They even paid me the equivocal compliment of singing a new stanza,* declaring the glorious deeds they could have achieved, had I been their chief.

"In the climate of the West Indies, wounded seamen do not often recover, and almost all the brave fellows who had suffered injury in the fight, died in the hospital at Port Royal. I was very nearly dying myself; the wound in my

groin was so severe, but thanks to a most negligent surgeon and to my excellent constitution, I recovered of my wounds.

"I solicited the admiral on the station to grant me the rank of master and commander for my victory, but he declined promoting me for a very excellent reason. All the commissions which the climate, or which battle might render vacant, he thought it his duty to fill up with the names of his relations, or friends and followers, under neither of which description could I with propriety be ranked.

"This admiral was one of that numerous class of persons who never do any thing but from a good and sufficient motive, and the class, order, tribe, genus, species and variety of whose motives may be all expressed by that talismanic word, interest. It was not the interest of this gentleman to promote me, or in other terms, reward or pay me for what I had done; but it was much his interest to afford me an opportunity of doing a great deal more, for he had lately been a little disgraced in the eyes of the Admiralty, for suffering the trade upon his station to be cut up by the enemy's cruizers. He cared little or nothing for the trade being cut up, but he had no idea of the

enemy cutting up his reputation, by which he meant to obtain many valuable things from government. He saw I was well calculated to rid the seas of those shoals of privateers, pirates, and cruizers of all descriptions which swarmed in this western Archipelago. For these weighty reasons he made me an acting commander of a large and beautiful corvette, which had been captured from the Spaniards. This vessel was of beautiful model, an excellent sea boat, and sailed like the wind. She had been equipped in the most perfect style, and manned with two hundred and sixty picked men, the command having been intended for a young nobleman, the admiral's first lieutenant. But this naval peer died of the fever in Spanish Town, immediately after his first cruize in this vessel, and for the reasons I have stated, the temporary command of the corvette was bestowed upon myself.

"I had acquired such an ascendancy over the minds of the men I had recently captured, that it amounted almost to superstition, for they declared that nothing but a devil could have destroyed their squadron in the manner which I had destroyed it. These were a set of excellent seamen, and of the most hardy habits.

I went to their prison, told them the command I had received from the admiral, and that if they would go to sea with me, I would procure their release, adding by way of conclusion, that I would give them plenty of fighting, of hard duty, and of prize money, and that they might expect to be kept in the strictest discipline. They joyfully assented to my proposal, and with some difficulty I induced the admiral to allow them to enter under my command.

"All I wanted now to satisfy my ambition, was to have my acting rank in this vessel confirmed by a commission as master and commander; and I wrote to the Admiralty urging my many battles, and dwelling particularly on the last, and I requested their lordships to promote me. I received an immediate and most polite answer, refusing my request.

"My sanguine spirits were hardly daunted by this disappointment, and I sailed in my ship in quest of adventures. A compliment was paid to my talents by giving me a roving commission, i. e. the privilege of cruizing wherever I thought I could do most harm to the enemy.

"I first ran down all the Bahama Islands,

and destroyed eleven small cruizers of the enemy. At length I fell in with that celebrated French privateer, La Brave, whose excellence in sailing had enabled her for years to laugh our cruizers to scorn.

"I had trimmed my ship in the finest order, and I commenced a long and arduous chase, which continued seventy-two hours. The Frenchman tried every wile to escape me, and he tried me on every point of sailing from close-hauled to before the wind. The vessels sailed so much on a par, that not the slightest advantage had been gained by either party; but as the Frenchman was my match in force, I expected him to put on a compelled valour, and to engage me. But on the third day of the chase, at noon, another sail was seen right a head, and this proving to be a large French sloop of war, the two vessels joined each other, and lay close together in order to engage me, and to support each other during the fight. What was I to do in such a dilemma. To lose my prey was impossible, to engage such a superiority of force was hopeless. I determined to resort to a stratagem.

"The enemy were lying to for my approach; I kept every sail set, to make them think me

eager for the action; but I slackened my sheets, that my approach to them might be retarded until it was dark. I ordered the men to keep a profound silence, and every light to be outed immediately I gave the word to fire. It was now as dark as possible, the enemy were abreast of each other, and at the distance of about a hundred yards. I ran between them, with every sail set, and pouring in my fire from each broadside, I silently glided past them, leaving them furiously engaged with each other, and imagining that I was lying between them.

"I took a station of about three miles a-head, and quietly beheld the action, which was maintained for an hour, with great vigour. At length the fire began to slacken, and I approached, to take advantage of circumstances. The eclaircissement between the two vessels, when they found I had vanished, and that they had been engaging each other, was truly ridiculous. At last I bore down upon the quarter of La Brave, and found her a perfect wreck. I took possession of her without resistance, and of her antagonist, which had but a tottering fore-mast left, of all her spars. These prizes I carried into New Providence,

and I shall never forget the joy of the inhabitants at finding their dreaded enemy, La Brave, a prize in their harbour; nor shall I ever forget their extreme mirth at the ridiculous manner in which, without the loss of a man, I had captured two such vessels, or rather had made them capture each other.

"But the joy of the merchants of New Providence was of short duration, for I had not left their port eight and forty hours, before that territic buccaneer, nicknamed the black murderer, appeared off their harbour, and captured a large merchantman, which had just arrived from England. The pirate sent his boat on shore, with notice to the inhabitants, that if they did not supply him with provisions, water, and a contribution of ten thousand dollars, he would ravage all their coast, and hang every white inhabitant he could take.

"The council of the town was, with terror, debating upon this ungentlemanly demand, which they had no means of refusing, when I was descried in the offing, with every sail set.

"I had heard of the approach of this pirate, by a vessel I had boarded, and I hastened back to protect the town of Nassau, and the

whole of the island of New Providence from this ruffian's depradations.

"As soon as the people from the signal-house were certain that the vessel in the offing was mine, such was their confidence in my character, that although the buccaneer was my superior in force, instead of sending him water, provisions, and ten thousand dollars, they took the liberty of hanging his lieutenant up to a post, and of putting all the boat's crew into the town-prison.

"The buccaneer, in revenge, fired about twenty shot into the town, and then slipping his cable, put off to sea, in order to avoid a rencontre with myself. He had no inclination to fight me, and finding I greatly out-sailed him, he tacked, and led me through all the intricate and dangerous passages between the Bahama Islands, hoping I might run my ship on a rock, or sand-bank. But I was an excellent pilot in these seas, and pursued my adversary wherever he ventured to lead. At length finding this expedient did not avail him, he ran his ship up a narrow, winding creek, where he knew I could not follow; for the depth of water did not allow of my approaching him nearer than about four miles.

To board, with the boats, a vessel of such a size, and so full of men, was hopeless; to leave her, and let her escape, to wreak revenge on the island of New Providence, was inhuman, and I knew that in a few days he would erect works on shore that would render it impossible for me to annoy him. I might also reasonably expect, some of his brother cruizers soon to appear, and join with him in overwhelming me. Promptitude was my only hope. That night I landed the whole of my crew, each carrying a spar, or a coil of rope. I marched through the woods, and coming to the creek, about three miles above where the enemy lay, I made rafts, by lashing the spars together. We carried nothing but our cutlasses, or boarding-pikes, for fear of making an alarm. We launched our rafts, and silently floated down the creek. The enemy never contemplated an attack from the higher part of the creek; all their attention was given to the direction in which my vessel lay anchored. In short, I completely surprised them, and was alongside, before the centinel had perceived our approach.

"We made good our footing on the deck, but the enemy rushing on the deck, in their

shirts, armed with sabres, pikes, or tomahawks, made a desperate resistance. They drove us over the sides; my sword had been shivered to pieces by a blow of a tomahawk, but I made a third attempt, and meeting, on the gangway, with this captain, the black murderer, I parried his sabre-cut with the broken remnant of my blade, and rushing on him, I drove the basket-hilt of my broken sword furiously in his face. He was stunned, and staggering over-board, was drowned. The vessel was carried, and this was almost the only victory I ever obtained without sustaining some personal injury. In eight and forty hours the captured pirate was safely anchored in the port of Nassau, where four days before she had occasioned such consternation. The inhabitants voted me their thanks, which I received, and a piece of plate, which I never received.

"After this adventure my next exploit was running into a French port, by night, and setting fire to the naval and military magazines, destroying also a number of small privateers, and several large merchantmen. But this enterprize would have proved fatal to me but for my foresight. The enemy's forts, at

the entrance of the harbour, were too strong to pass with impunity. I had slipped by them, during the night, on entering the port, but now they were aware of my presence, they kept too good a look-out for me to attempt any thing of the sort. But I had foreseen this difficulty, and provided for it. On my first landing I had surrounded a hamlet, or suburb of the city, in which resided all the principal officers and inhabitants of the island. Some thirty of these I had captured, and with them the governor and the military commandant. After having effected all the mischief I could well do, consistently with the laws of honourable warfare, I sent a flag of truce on shore, telling the persons who had assumed the command of the island, the governor being a prisoner on board my ship, that I intended leaving the place at noon. That I knew I could not bring the guns of my ship to bear upon the forts at the mouth of the harbour; that if they fired on me, I should therefore send my people below, and leave on deck only the inhabitants of the island, whom I had taken prisoners; that the fire of the forts would therefore only injure them, but that if I was allowed to pass, without molestation, I would

dismiss my prisoners, uninjured, immediately I got outside of the harbour.

"This letter was put on shore, and I immediately weighed anchor, and stood out, keeping my prisoners on deck. The forts, however, did not fire upon me, and I accordingly dismissed all my prisoners directly I had passed the range of their guns.

"But, without detailing all my adventures, suffice it to say, that I kept the command of my vessel for seven years, during which I was indefatigable in destroying the buccaneers and private cruizers, that were so dreaded by our traders. So formidable had I become to these pirates, that my very name struck terror into the bravest of their commanders; and the men had given me the name of the white devil, from my European complexion, and the mischief I had done their fraternity.

"The principal buccaneers had, indeed, offered a reward of five thousand dollars to whoever killed or captured me, and as the large scale of my person had rendered me well known, in all boarding expeditions, I became a mere mark for every shot and for every sabre. And as they had also come to a resolution of hanging me to the yard-arm, if I was taken

alive, my engagements with these gentlemen were rather of the most hazardous description.

"I captured an immense number of their small vessels, and as these, in light weather, by availing themselves of their sweeps, could get away from my ship, I used to pursue them in our boats. But as the buccaneer vessels were generally full of men, and these of the most desperate cast, it was no easy matter to board them from row-boats. Our loss was often severe, and our success doubtful, but some how or other, by dint of promptitude and resolution, and by the favour of fortune, I always carried my point.

"Such was the extraordinary strength of my constitution, that all these active and fatiguing duties, in the unwholesome climate of the West Indies, never affected my health or bodily appearance, nor did the heat of the weather produce in me that lassitude of intellect, which is so common amongst creoles. On the contrary, in the intervals of my active professional duties, I was accustomed to amuse myself with literature, or to engage in the most difficult questions of philosophy and science.

"During the seven years I had been in the

West Indies I had destroyed more of the enemy than any ten officers on that station, and in that time I had seen a hundred commissions given away, and I yet remained a humble lieutenant. I returned to Europe, rich with prize-money, but a bankrupt in that which was the goal of my life—renown. As a daring and successful cruizer I was known to my profession, but I panted to be known to Europe and to posterity as a leader of fleets, the hero of battles which decided the fate of wars and of empires.

" Arrived at Portsmouth, I again sent a memorial to the Admiralty praying for promotion. This memorial was very much like its predecessors, except the catalogue of my services was swelled to an extraordinary amount. I stated that I had been in the service twenty-four years, thirteen as a midshipman and eleven as a lieutenant; that I had served on the most distant and unwholesome stations, had been engaged in one hundred and eighty-seven actions, had received forty-three wounds, and had captured and destroyed one hundred and six of the enemy's vessels, besides recapturing one hundred and twenty-seven British vessels, and doing considerable damage to

the public works upon the enemy's coasts. I once more urged that I had five brothers killed in the service of the country, not one of whom had received the least kindness or reward from government.

"On the very day I wrote this memorial to the Admiralty, my second lieutenant, Mr. Sarum, the son of old Sarum, the ministerial member, addressed a memorial to the Admiralty board, stating that he had been six years a midshipman, and nearly three a lieutenant, that he had been in five actions, and had had a first cousin, a general officer, killed under the Duke of Marlborough, and therefore prayed to be promoted to the rank of master and commander.

"In three weeks Mr. Sarum received his promotion, with a letter, stating that their lordships had been pleased to take his services into favourable consideration. I also received a letter, stating that their lordships would take my services into consideration, as well as the services of other officers, whenever a general promotion or a proper and convenient opportunity might occur. This of course was the only official mode of getting

rid of claims which they had not the hardihood openly to refuse.

"My only resource was to get my father again to apply to the Duke, and to the Duke my father accordingly applied. His Grace's age had rendered him less delicate in affairs of this sort, and he very frankly promised me promotion on the condition of his being troubled no more by my father's demands. These terms were assented to by my parent, his Grace received an acquittance for the amount due by him to my father for port, claret, madeira, &c. and in less than a month I found the Admiralty had become duly sensible of my services, for they inclosed me a commission as a master and commander, and appointed me to a very fine sloop of war, as this latter arrangement had been one of the points stipulated by my father in his negociation with the peer.

"Shortly after I attended the levee of the first Lord of the Admiralty, and I expressed my elation that my services to my country had procured me advancement in my profession, his lordship turning upon me with a most courtly hauteur, said that he requested

I would consider my promotion as an obligation for which I was indebted to the influence of the Duke, turning upon this statesman with a significant sneer, I replied that I owed nothing to his Grace as all matters between us were settled, but that my country owed much to me; Lord H., the first Lord, looked displeased at my frankness, but I muttered in his hearing the name of Dentatus.

"In my new vessel fortune was not altogether unkind to me; I had commanded her but two years when I captured after a bloody engagement, the French frigate the Cæsar.

"On board of this vessel was an English lady and her family, with her husband, a tawny well dried old gentleman, who had been captured by the enemy as he was returning to his native England, after a residence of twenty years in Calcutta, where he had bartered health, ease, and half of his existence for a respectable number of rupees.

"The lady was in ecstacy at her release, which my victory had effected; and, her husband was not less overjoyed, only his face had lost all power of expressing aught but perfect insensibility. Fortunately for me the lady was cousin to the first Lord of the Admiralty,

and in the paroxysms of gratitude pledged herself to make her brother immediately create me a post captain. Won't you, my dear, said she to her husband, won't you persuade his lordship to promote Capt. Vallerton, to whom we are so deeply indebted? her husband yawned assent.

"But this lady and gentleman were as good as their word, two months after their landing they induced the first Lord of the Admiralty to promote me to the rank of post captain; but, on receiving this promotion, much to my chagrin, I was put on half pay.

"As I had been nearly twenty-seven years in the service, and without, in that period, remaining the half of twenty-seven days on shore, I reconciled myself to being laid on the shelf for a few months, and as I had the misfortune at this time to lose my father, it was a consolation to me to be present to testify my affection towards him in his last illness. The arrangement of his affairs also required my presence on shore for some time.

"But when two years had elapsed, I began once more to be haunted with visions of glory, and my ever active mind became impatient of idleness. I wrote three pressing let-

ters to the Admiralty, reminding the board of my services, and begging to be employed, I received three polite and evasive answers.

"At last I called upon my Indian friend, and begged him to request his wife's cousin to appoint me to some ship. This gentleman frankly declined interfering; for, said he, when I arrived in England I had several favours to ask of his lordship, and your promotion was one of them. Now his lordship would not comply with a single request until I had accommodated him with a loan of money, and I am very sure he would not now grant me any thing I could ask unless I would again meet him in the money way, and as I have neither the means nor the inclination to let his lordship borrow of me what he does not intend to pay, it will be useless for me to apply to him in your behalf.

"In this dilemma I thought I would apply to the Duke, and I wrote to his Grace, saying, that as he had patronized me and procured for me the two first steps of advancement in my profession, I entreated he would get me the command of a ship, by which I might render his early patronage of me conducive to my interests and to my fame.

"To this letter I received the following reply from his secretary, the reverend Mr. Stooper.

"Sir,

"I am commanded by the Duke of * * * * to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, requesting his grace to interest himself in procuring you an appointment to one of His Majesty's ships now in commission As the Duke of * * * * cannot comply with your request, his grace directs me to express his desire that he may not receive any further application from you upon the subject.

"I am, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

"So much, thought I, for the Duke and his motives of action.

"I remained three years unemployed, and would, with disgust, have retired from the service, when by mere chance I fell in with my original captain, who commanded the Colchis when I served on board of her as a midshipman. This truly excellent man, Admiral Sir Philip Yorke, had a mind as exalted, and a heart as benevolent as ever animated a human form. To him I told my woes, and begged him to procure me the command of some good ship. He promised me to use his exertions, but added, that his interest was never at so low

an ebb. He did all he could to second my wishes; but after using every exertion, he could procure me only an appointment to this old crazy sixty four, in which I had made three cruizes without an opportunity of firing a single shot, when the government thought proper to send me on the expedition on which I am now employed.

"I would have you, my friend, Mandeville, to enter life with less of hope and less of expectation than is common to youth, or in the commencement of your progress you will find men so much below what your fancy pictures that they ought to be, that your friendships and attachments will be for ever breaking, and leading probably to pity or resentment, to those from whom you expected fidelity and disinterested conduct. Never imagine, that virtuous and noble conduct will bring you any thing of advantage beyond the inestimable pleasures which are inherent in the minds that engender such actions. Provided politeness and good manners are preserved, the world makes no distinction between the villain and the man of honour; wealth, rank, and good-breeding are all that are attended to in society. The heartless and unprincipled

wretch, whose every action springs from the source of selfishness and sordid gratification, if he be wealthy and of graceful manners, is the welcome guest at every table. Whilst the hero, the philosopher, the philanthropist, let him be but ungainly and poor, he is spoken of with praise; but admitted to none of the rights and advantages of social intercourse. The proud and insolent oppressor, who makes all a hell around him in the sphere over which he rules, is the pensioner of the government, and the guest of the minister. Let some spirited and virtuous Hampden resist his tyranny; he is dismissed, and even censured by the very herd in whose cause he exerted his powers. Your hated enemy, Muckworth Praed, may evince to you the truth of these remarks.

"There may be exceptions to these observations, but they are rare and may be traced to some extraordinary causes. Whether this truth arise from the world's not being able to penetrate into character below the surface,—whether it be that, all men in society seek merely to amuse and unbend the mind, and therefore care for nothing in comparison to elegance or to the lively sprightliness of gay and fashionable manners, or whether it be the pride

that makes every man solicitous for his table and his rooms being filled with those whose manners bear the stamp of birth and of fashion, I will not pretend to determine, but certain it is that virtue and noble qualities meet with no reward except the inestimable recompense of an approving conscience, and they engender that happiness of disposition which extracts peace and loveliness out of all around us.

" Captain Vallerton had hardly finished giving me the history of his life, when the officer of the watch came into the cabin to report to him that the man at the mast-head had discovered three sail on the lee-beam. Vallerton in an instant was aloft with his glass, and made the necessary signal to the Commodore.

" The Commodore immediately put the fleet before the wind, and as it was a clear day and a fine top gallant breeze, we soon discovered that the object of our pursuit was an enemy's squadron, consisting of a fine eighty gun ship, a seventy-four, and a large forty-four gun frigate.

" Captain Vallerton's countenance, which, although quick, was always calm, now assum-

ed an expression approaching to sublimity. If, said he to me, shaking me by the hand in an ecstacy of joy, if the Commodore have aught of the hero in him, and loves his country, we shall have a beautiful action—our fleets are nicely matched, we are rather superior. I wish the superiority was against us, but this is the fleet which we are principally sent out to destroy, and it is commanded by as gallant and noble an officer as France and her navy can boast of. Our guns have crossed before, he knows me well, for it was he who commanded the Cæsar, and fought me with such intrepidity and resolution. He is a fine fellow, and I am convinced he would be overjoyed to see me in a ship of equal size, yard arm to yard arm with him.

"We had beat to quarters, the ship was ready for action, and the men stripped to their waists, with handkerchiefs tied tight round their heads. We were bearing down upon the enemy under our top sails and fore course, and were within about five miles of them when the Commodore made the signal to speak with the Lion.

"Captain Vallerton ran under his stern, and was hailed by the Commodore through the speaking trumpet.

" 'Captain Vallerton, my fears are entirely for you.'

" 'Sir John, your fears for me are quite unnecessary. I have no fears, but am full of the prospect of a successful fight.'

" 'You will not be able to lie along side of the enemy's seventy-four. She is a very powerful vessel, and her metal is very heavy; your guns are very small, and you are deficient in your complement of men.'

" 'I pledge myself to you Sir John, to capture my opponent in less than an hour, or at least I could keep her engaged until you shall have overpowered the French Commodore, and come to my assistance. The two frigates are of equal size.'

" 'Why, the French Commodore is the celebrated Captain Lannes, it is not easy to overpower such a man as that.'

" 'But the larger force of the Britannia will almost prevent resistance on the part of the French Commodore.'

" 'The enemy's ship is a very fine eighty, with very heavy guns, and full of men. I must engage her at a distance.'

" 'I hope not, Sir John, or at least I hope

you will allow the Lion to engage her opponent at close quarters.'

" 'You will obey signals, Captain Vallerton, fill your top sails, and resume your place in the line.'

" 'Very well, Commodore, but unless you have some stratagem to practise in the night, I hope you will begin the engagement immediately, or as dark is coming on, the enemy may get away and do incalculable mischief to our trade, as well as to the character of our service.'

" 'When I want your advice, Captain Vallerton, I will ask it. You will submit yourself to my orders,' cried out Sir John Fadladeen, with his squeaking querulous voice.

" We filled and bore down upon the enemy, who seemed by no means willing to avoid us.

" 'Captain Vallerton was evidently chagrined at his dialogue with the Commodore. 'Personal hauteur,' said I to him, 'cannot surély move a spirit like your's, Captain Vallerton.'

" 'My young friend,' replied he, in a deep and solemn tone, 'the frivolity and impertinence of a creature like Fadladeen cannot

move me, but I am grieved, bitterly grieved for my country and for the character of the service. I foresee we shall have nothing but a slight and distant skirmish. The enemy will escape and ruin our trade in these seas, and spread our dishonour through all their service.'

" 'Why, Captain Vallerton, should you have so tenderly at heart the interests of a country, the government of which is so corrupt, that no efforts of her servants can well avail her.'

" 'I know, said Vallerton, that the affairs of England are now in a most critical situation, and every Englishman should forget his private wrongs. The very corruption of the government inspires me with a zeal to achieve something which may compensate the country for the injuries, that the vices of the ministers inflict upon her.'

"We stood towards the enemy, and at length the English Commodore made the signal for the squadron to follow his example, and immediately opened her fire upon the sternmost of our opponents, the frigate kept sailing on to the headmost ship which bore the French broad pendant.

"We were the centre ship, between the Britannia and the frigate, and the centre of the enemy's line was the seventy-four which we were to engage.

"Captain Vallerton smiled at the idea of opening his fire. 'Our shot,' said he 'won't tell by a mile.' He ordered the men to fire slowly, and alternate guns. The Commodore kept up a terrible cannonade, but as the enemy were not within reach of his guns, they did not condescend to return a single shot.

"Captain Vallerton took advantage of the smoke to bear away two points towards the enemy. He approached within gun shot, and opened his fire. The Commodore immediately recalled him by signal.

"'The Commodore has made our signal of recall,' said our signal officer to Captain Vallerton.

"'Where,' replied the captain, putting his glass amidst the smoke of the guns, so that it was impossible for him to see the Commodore, although his glass was in that direction. 'I see no signal,' said Captain Vallerton, laughing; 'and if I can't see it, I am sure nobody else can.'

"But this joke of course could not be per-

severed in long, and after a few more broadsides, we were obliged to obey the Commodore's recall, and to stand from the enemy.

"Night now approached, and the English signal was made to tack and stand from the enemy.

"Vallerton walked the deck in silence. I dared not approach him. But soon his eye, from the fire of indignation, was dimmed by the expression of hopeless sorrow.

" 'The enemy are bearing away, Sir,' said the signal officer.

" 'Then run me under the Commodore's stern,' replied the Captain.

"Within hearing of the Commodore, Vallerton hailed his ship, and was answered by one of the lieutenants.

" 'But I wish to speak to the Commodore himself,' said Vallerton.

" 'Sir John has retired to supper after the *fatigues* of the day, and unless it be something important, I am ordered not to disturb him.'

" 'Then tell him, Sir, that Captain Vallerton has something important to communicate.'

"In a few minutes Sir John Fadladeen's head appeared out of the stern window, and

he hailed us in an angry voice, to know why he had been disturbed.

" 'Sir John, the enemy have altered their course, and are standing away evidently with the intention that we shall see no more of them.'

" 'Is it for that you have disturbed me, Captain Vallerton? My signal officer has told me that a half an hour ago.'

" 'I wish to ask your permission to bring one of the enemy to a night action. I will engage the largest ship, and will——'

" 'And you will, Sir, do no such a thing. I alone have the command of this squadron, and I shall exercise my discretion as to engaging the enemy.'

" 'The British interests in these seas will experience an irreparable injury if we let the enemy escape in contempt of us.'

" 'Captain Vallerton, I am sorry to say that your conduct evinces such insubordination, that I shall think it my duty, when we arrive in England, to bring you to a court-martial.'

" Commodore Fadladeen, I must be equally candid with you. And the interests of old England, as well as the national honour, obliges

me publicly to declare, that the enemy can be brought to action with almost a certainty of success; that they *ought* to be brought to action, and if they are not engaged, I shall be obliged to call for a court of inquiry into *your* conduct; and I protest in the presence of both of our officers, that it is against my judgment and feelings that we shun the enemy.'

"Sir John replied with a voice inarticulate with rage. 'If you do not, Captain Vallerton, immediately resume your station, and most implicitly follow my signals, I will put you under arrest, and take the command of your ship from you. Fill your top-sail, Sir, and resume your station in the line.'

"'Fill the top-sail,' said Vallerton to his first lieutenant, and walked up and down the quarter-deck with his left hand on the hilt of his sword, his speaking trumpet grasped by his right with a force that curled it like a sheet of paper. He was resolving something in his mind, for his eye presently spoke more calm calculation.

"At length he came up to me, and taking me by the hand, said, 'My dear young friend, I have made up my mind what to do. I will sacrifice myself to my country. Never could

the naval interests of England less bear to be trifled with than at this moment. What a deal have ministers to answer to their country and to their God, who, for considerations of parliamentary support, bestow commissions upon officers who are neither able to protect the lives of their men, nor to advance the interests of their country. I will avail myself of the dark, to run down upon the enemy, and at least inflict upon them an injury which will prevent their cruizing with effect against our colonies and trade.'

"'Successful or not successful,' said I to Vallerton, 'it will be equally fatal to your commission, and perhaps to——'

"'To my life you mean to say, Mandeville; but what is the value of a life so far spent as mine, or what is the value of any life compared with the interests, the glory of England.'

"'But an ignominious death, the sentence of a court-martial. To be shot for disobedience.'

"'To be shot,' replied Vallerton, 'for doing my duty to my country, in opposition to the orders of a traitorous poltroon. But let me tell you that what I intend to do, will be so desperate that few of us will remain to tell the

tale; and my body has received so many scars in the service of my country, that it will take but little more to send it into eternity. If I survive,' said he, 'and be carried to England, manacled, tried for mutiny, shot, why I shall have the sympathy of every brave and noble mind.'

"'Which,' I replied, 'is about one plucked out of ten thousand.'

"'And,' rejoined Captain Vallerton, with elation, 'that one is worth all the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine.'

"The thoughts of seeing this gallant hero sacrifice himself, were afflicting to me, and I most earnestly entreated him to consider well what he was about. 'Mankind,' I added, 'are really not worthy of this devotion to their interests; the very officers of the service, the character of which you will glorify, will, when power oppresses you, crouch to that power, and approve of its unjust exercise to your ruin.'

"'I know that well,' said Vallerton, 'but my mind is made up, and I have higher motives of action than the approbation of the world. I know my present intentions are hardly founded on reason; for great as

is the necessity of engaging the enemy, it is much better for the country that the general principles of obedience and discipline should be preserved in the fleet, than that they should be violated even for the advantage of a victory. But my mind is made up to the course I shall pursue. All I have to say to you, Mandeville, is, that if I fall, you will defend my fame, if the venal government press attack it,—and now to action.'

"Captain Vallerton assembled all his officers around him, and communicated to them his resolution to attack the enemy, and the manner in which he intended to conduct the attack; he concluded by observing, that the Commodore when he saw him actually engaged could not but bear down to his assistance. The officers were overjoyed at this communication. The Captain then made a short address to the crew; they cheered his speech with enthusiasm, for not only was he beloved by his men, but his personal skill and bravery had procured for him the confidence and attachment of every sailor.

"'And now,' said Captain Vallerton, 'again, my friends, to your quarters, and await my commands. Set the top-gallant sails, and put

the helm up. Haul aft the fore-sheet and square the yards. We must be quick upon the enemy.'

"It was a noble breeze, and our course was rapid. The ship presented an awful sight to me, who had never yet seen an action. The cannon were all in a position for firing; pyramids of round, and parcels of double-headed chain and bar shot, with grape and canister, lay in profusion on the deck. Swords, boarding pikes, tomahawks and pistols were in number, in short, every instrument which the ingenuity of man had invented for the destruction of human life. An awful silence reigned throughout the ship. Between each gun were a couple of lanterns, which threw a dismal light over the various instruments of death, and the men stood between their guns naked, except the shoes and trowsers.

"Captain Vallerton,, with his belt full of pistols, was pacing the quarter-deck, and his herculean figure and noble carriage of his person, appeared in unison with the terrific scene around him. He appeared like the supernatural genius of the fight.

"At length he approached the enemy. 'Out every light,' said he, 'and let not a word

be spoken. I intend to run between the line-of-battle ship, and the frigate a-stern of her, and getting into their line, the seventy-four a-head of me will take me for the French frigate, which is following, whilst the frigate will conceive me to be the line-of-battle ship a-head of her. I will then run under the weather quarter of the French seventy-four, and pour the whole of my crew into her, drive her men below, and make her my prize.'

"The crew were divided into three divisions, for boarding, each division headed by a lieutenant and a warrant-officer. Vallerton and myself being in the first division, which consisted of one hundred and eighty picked men.

"We fell into the enemy's line, the French frigate being about two miles a-stern of us, and the seventy-four being a mile a-head. Every sail was set, to take the enemy a-head. At last we approached; Captain Vallerton was directing the man at the helm. His sword drawn, ready to head his men. It required the most exact steering, and Captain Vallerton was an excellent helmsman.

"We now approached the seventy-four, within hail. The enemy, conceiving us to be

their own frigate, had suffered us to come so close, without bestowing on us much observation. The night was intensely dark; but they began to suspect our appearance, from our height out of the water; they hailed us, and Captain Vallerton, amidst the howlings of the storm, replied through the speaking-trumpet, by a confused jumble of unmeaning sounds, taking care that no word should be distinct, or audible, except the name of the French commodore. This deceived the enemy.

"The men were standing with naked cutlasses, and with naked bodies. I spoke to Captain Vallerton. 'Not a word, Mandeville, on your life,' said he, in a whisper, 'but do your duty. The men will rush on board at the boatswain's pipe.' We were close to the enemy, both ships sailing most rapidly. 'Now up with the helm,' cried Vallerton, the helm flew up. We fell on board the enemy; the boatswain piped most furiously, and sword in hand, we jumped on board the Frenchman. Little or no resistance was made to us, so completely had we surprised our opponent. We drove the men below, and as we could not keep possession of our prize, nor destroy her, we did her mischief sufficient to disqua-

lify her for service. We cut all her standing and running rigging to pieces, to let her masts go over the sides; spiked all her cannon, threw the small-arms overboard, and taking out all the warrant and commissioned officers, we left her helpless, unable even to fire a gun, to warn her companions of what had befallen her.

"We lost, in this adventure, only three men, two of whom fell overboard. The third was killed by the French captain, who, in his turn, was cut down by Captain Vallerton, and this was the only life lost on the part of the foe.

"We now hauled our wind, on the starboard tack, in order to practise the same manœuvre on the frigate a-stern of us, but in this we were not so successful; the clouds began to disperse, as we approached the enemy, the moon appeared rising above the horizon, so that they were enabled to distinguish us from their friends. They poured two broadsides into us, or rather at us, for not a single shot struck any part of the ship, while so excellent was our discipline, that we were able to give our antagonist three broadsides in return; and to judge from the effects which we were after-

wards able to trace, not a shot of ours had missed the hull of the enemy. We boarded her on her bow, and our numbers, and height out of the water, ensured us success; but the enemy made a very spirited resistance, and for a long time held us at bay; we drove them below, on the main-deck, but they planted themselves at the foot of the ladders, and killed every man that attempted to descend after them. At length Captain Vallerton fought his way round the after-ladder, and our men descending through the chasm of the enemy, which had been made by the Captain's sword, our success was final.

"We shot away all her masts, spiked her cannon, threw all her small-arms and powder overboard, and taking out the warrant and commissioned officers, we left her, to rig her jury-masts, and to repair her damages. But this adventure had cost us fifty of our bravest men, so that our crew, including the troops on board, now amounted to only four hundred; but these had been brought to the finest possible state of discipline, by their commander, who had the art of effecting this object without resorting to corporeal punishment.

" 'And what plan will you now pursue?

said I to the Captain, will you work to windward, and rejoin the Britannia, and communicating to Sir John Fadladeen the manner in which you have crippled the enemy, bear down, with him, to capture the French commodore, and to secure the ships you have disabled?

" 'In other terms, Mandeville,' replied the Captain, 'will I give Fadladeen the opportunity of taking credit to himself for all that has been done, of writing a flaming account to the Admiralty, of the great victory he has achieved, and mentioning, forsooth, in the foot of his dispatch, that he has been duly supported in the action, by Captain Vallerton. And after this dispatch Captain Vallerton, perchance, may dance attendance at the first Lord's levee for years, praying for a command, and getting either nothing, or at best some crazy old seventy-four, on a worthless station, whilst forthwith Sir John Fadladeen is appointed to the Admiralty Board, or is created a Knight of the Bath, for his gallant action in the Indian Seas. No, Sir, I have set my life on the hazard of the dye, and will abide the event. I will capture the French commodore myself, or I will perish in the attempt.

" 'Successful, or not successful, if I sur-

vive, it is probable that Sir John, mortified at my attempting, or at my achieving alone, what he despaired of achieving, and dared not attempt, with the whole squadron, will revenge himself by putting me under an arrest, for disobedience of orders, and neglect of signals, and I shall be confined in my cabin, for a six month's cruize, in this hot climate.

"'If I succeed, my name will be too high for Sir John to hurt, or for the Admiralty to neglect me. If I do not succeed, the service will be benefited in character by the daring nature of the attempt, and as to myself, I care nothing for the result, so cruelly have the Government visited on me their practice of neglecting services, and bestowing their rewards in barter for parliamentary interest, that even were the Ministers now disposed to reward me, before I should be old enough in the service to command a fleet, and acquire a name of glory, I should be too old to go to sea at all. So I intend to end my naval career to-day. Set every sail for the French commodore, my lads,' addressing the crew, 'I will lay you alongside the enemy, and you must take her, or go down with your colours flying.'

"This speech was received with three hearty cheers by the men, and every sail was set for the French commodore. 'At a distant shot,' said Captain Vallerton to me, 'the cannon with me is as precise as a rifle, and if I lay my ship yard-arm and yard-arm with the enemy, I am much mistaken if Captain Lannes, brave as he is, will be able to keep his men to their guns.'

"Before day-break we got up to the commodore, and hove to, at about half a mile's distance from his weather-quarter. Captain Vallerton, on the lower-deck, ran from gun to gun, firing them in succession, the first gun being reloaded by the time the last of the tier was discharged. He scarcely missed a shot, whilst the fire of the enemy was rapid, but so ill directed, that the hull of the ship was never once struck. The heavy fire of the Frenchman, however, was doing terrible injury to our masts and rigging.

"Day broke, and although not a gun had been fired from the Lion, except what was discharged by Captain Vallerton, the enemy was very much cut up. Three ports on the main-deck, under the mizen-chains, were beaten

into one, and the quarter was completely stove in. Several of their after-guns, on the lower-deck appeared dismounted.

" 'This will not do,' said Captain Vallerton, 'we shall be a wreck in ten minutes, and the enemy will be taking a raking position upon us.'

" 'But, Sir, I replied, our fire is so precise, that before we are dismasted, the enemy's hull will be too shattered to float.'

" 'You are much mistaken, the enemy is so large, that she will bear more battering than we can give her. I must try if they will stand us at close action.'

" He ordered the guns to be doubly loaded with round, double-headed, grape, and canister, and making all the men lie down, flat on the deck, he alone remained standing, and putting the helm up, we ran upon the enemy.

" Just as we were sheering alongside, the Frenchman poured in his tremendous broadside into our bow. Every shot passed through, and the ship reeled and quivered with the shock. A large splinter struck our Captain in the breast, and levelled him with the deck. I thought him dead, and ran to the spot, but in an instant he was on his legs. 'Stand to

your starboard guns,' was his cry, the muzzles of the cannon raked against the enemy's sides. 'Fire,' said Vallerton, and our broadside was discharged. The enemy's ship staggered with the shock.

"We were now lying yard-arm to yard-arm, the mouths of our cannon in the enemy's very ports; in loading the cannon the rammers came mutually into each other's vessels, through the port-holes. Not a single shot was fired in vain; the carnage and destruction was terrific. In this dreadful situation, in which mutual annihilation was fast approaching, not an Englishman flinched from his gun, each man died at his post, whilst the enemy frequently fled from their quarters, and it required the utmost exertion of their officers to rally them to their guns.

"Captain Vallerton came to me with a countenance of great concern. 'We cannot,' said he, 'continue the action much longer in this style.'

"'I think, Sir,' I replied, 'we have much the best of it, for the enemy's men so frequently fly from their post, and lose so much time in rallying, that it gives us the advantage of at least two shots to one.'

"'That is true, but the enemy's metal is heavier than I had any idea of, and he is so full of men, that he remans his guns as fast as our shot clear his decks, I must board him.'

"'But, Sir, he is so full of troops, and his sides are so high.'

"'Then every man must slay his hecatomb, for I have brought myself into that situation in which nothing but the most desperate valour can save us. I shall board in three divisions, and will command the after division myself; you, Mandeville, must remain on the poop to repel any re-action, keep a good look out, and if they do not board us whilst we are employed on their own decks, pour your men into where the fight may be the thickest, and the day the most doubtful.'

"'Good heavens! Captain Vallerton, do not let me remain on board a mere spectator, whilst all of you are acting the hero on the enemy's decks.'

"'Mandeville, your province is to obey, but know that even in actual fight, the gladiator's part is not the most glorious that can be played. I leave you in a station of trust and honor. Every seaman and naval officer

even to the cabin boy must follow me, and I have therefore nobody of talents and valour but yourself, whom I can trust to guard the ship in my absence. I must be rapid in my proceedings, or I shall soon have to call the men from the guns to the pumps, my vessel will not float much longer.'

"A broad-side was poured into the enemy. and in the smoke the boarding parties rushed on to the assault. Our captain was the first, he leaped on the hammocks of the enemy's quarter-deck, a boarding-pike was thrust through his thigh, the arm that wielded it was instantly severed from its body by Vallerton's sabre, but his progress was stopped; holding the rigging with his left hand, he fought most furiously the host that assailed him, every seaman that had rushed to his assistance had been cut down, a shot pierced the calves of his legs, and in an instant the man who fired it rolled a lifeless trunk. Vallerton stood on this spot a long time, his towering figure a mark for every shot and sabre, at length crying to his men to follow he made the most furious leap into the thickest of the enemy, and fell prostrate on their deck. In an instant he was again on his legs, and with a dagger in his

left hand, and with his sabre in his right he dealt death around him. Our men inspired to fury by his danger fought for his rescue, and made a diversion in his favour. He got his back to the mast, four Frenchmen attacked him, two were soon headless trunks, the third made a desperate lunge at his body, but slipping on some human bowels on which he had trod, he fell prostrate, and Vallerton's sword broke into his skull; the fourth opponent inflicted a dreadful wound on Vallerton's chest, and was repeating the blow, when an English drummer-boy drove a tomahawk into the back of his head, and shattered his skull into many pieces.

"My attention was now called to my own position, and Vallerton's admirable foresight was now evinced. A French officer with about one hundred men attempted to board us on the poop; my thirty men poured their musketry into them, and drove them back with the bayonet, but in the third attempt they closed upon us, we fought them arm to arm. I killed in personal fight the French commander and his serjeant, and we at length completely repelled the assault, capturing about twenty prisoners, and driving them into our hold.

"When I was able again to direct my attention to the enemy's decks, I beheld Vallerton engaged with the French captain. This gallant officer was a very tall and elegant figure with a cuirass of polished steel, and a steel helmet with an enormous plume; he seemed an unconquerable knight of chivalry, and was doing dreadful execution amongst our men when the English captain boldly faced him. The first cut the Frenchman gave was so furious that it shivered the basket hilt of his antagonist's sword, and wounded severely the back of his hand. The undaunted Vallerton fought him like a lion, despising the defence of the cuirass and helm; thrice his sword cut to his thigh bone, the Frenchman's blade severed Vallerton's cheek, who instantly inflicted two ghastly wounds on his antagonist's arms; collecting all his force the foe levelled a furious blow at the Englishman's head, and rushed towards him like a tiger. Vallerton parried the descending blade, and as furiously drove his sword to the hilt in his enemy's throat. The conquered hero fell on the deck with a tremendous crush, and Vallerton headed his men to take advantage of his success. The French force now made but

feeble resistance, they were driven pell mell from the quarter deck along the starboard gang-way, our captain heading the pursuit, when he perceived the day going against us on the other side of the ship.

"Our first and second divisions of boarders had maintained their ground, and had indeed beat the enemy to the forecastle, when they rallied under their boatswain. This was a furious and gigantic fellow, a Hercules of about six feet eight inches high, muscular and broad, with a ferocious countenance, covered with a profusion of jet black whiskers and curled hair. He had killed three of our lieutenants; our intrepid boatswain attacked him, and was instantly a corpse. The gunner, a coarse and powerful fellow, rushed manfully to his breast, but his pistol missed fire, and his head was instantly struck from his body by the Frenchman's sword. Our fourth lieutenant, a slim and delicate youth, heroically engaged him and maintained an excellent fight, but at length his skull was cleft to the chin. He drove our men before him, and I rushed with my reinforcement to sustain our flying party, and met this terrific giant as he reached the break of the quarter-deck; his

sabre fell like a thunderbolt, and sent my weapon quivering from my grasp: in an instant I should have been sacrificed, his sword was lifted for my destruction. Stand back, Mandeville, let the fight be mine, cried Vallerton, rushing between us, and his sword crossed that of the Frenchman's. We recoiled aghast, and left the arena clear for this terrible conflict. The blows were rapid like lightning, and such as few arms could give or parry; the fight was close, Vallerton parried every blow, and returned upon the enemy with undaunted manhood, but the Gaul was a master at his weapon. Our captain was beat down on his knee, springing up like a lion, he drove his sword furiously through the Frenchman's jaw bone, and the severed cheek gave his face a double terror: his fury increased, Vallerton recoiled, unable to stand the shock, he rallied, his sword jarred against his enemy's thigh bone, a second and a third wound followed, when a shot from some unknown hand struck the British hero in the shoulder. He still maintained the fight foot to foot, and drove his sword into his antagonist's groin; the Gallic champion staggered backwards, but infuriate by pain and despair, and with rage at meeting

his equal, he collected all his force, and aimed one last tremendous blow at his enemy's head. The blow was met, but the two blades flew to shivers, and the gigantic Gaul rushing, closed upon his enemy, and grappled him by the throat with convulsive energy. The strong arm of Vallerton dashed furiously aside the Frenchman's grasp, and seizing him by the collar, he struggled with him for a few minutes, and then hurled him on the deck with the strength and fury of a lion. After the action, he was found with his arm and back broken by the fall, and Vallerton's sword had cut through both of his jaw-bones, entering on the right side and passing clear through the left.

"This was the last effort that the enemy made to retain their vessel. Their mailed and chivalrous captain lay with his face to heaven, dead upon the deck. Their gigantic champion, the boatswain, had wrought almost a superstitious awe from his crew; none had ever dared to face him, that had not instantly perished. When they saw the fine figure of Vallerton engaging him knee to knee, when they saw them grasped in each other's fold, and beheld their champion hurled with fury to the deck, they were terror struck and fled.

'He is a noble fellow,' said Vallerton, looking at the enormous figure and the countenance of bold defiance, which his foe retained even in death. 'And you,' said he, turning to the captain, the gallant knight who lay weltering in his plumed helm and brilliant corslet, 'you, my brave and noble foe, twice have we met in the course of our professional career, and twice has my star had the ascendant. I wish,' said he, pausing and stooping over the corpse, 'I wish fate had saved you, so brave a foe had made an admired friend. We will bury you both nobly. Throw all the dead bodies overboard, but these two,' said Vallerton: 'take the wounded below, and clear the wreck.'

"The enthusiasm of the fight being over, our senses were left to perceive objects in their natural colour. Our prize was a noble vessel, carrying ninety-three guns, but the wreck and carnage in her was dreadful.

"She had carried a crew of nine hundred men, and had on board of her rather more than five hundred soldiers; of these fourteen hundred souls, eleven hundred and ninety odd had been killed or wounded in the fight; and as each party fought under infuriating circumstances, the wounds were all serious or fatal;

for injury that was only slight, was quickly dressed in the cock-pit, and the man returned to his quarters. We had boarded her with about three hundred men, of whom rather more than two hundred now lay on her decks. The scene that these decks presented was truly shocking. We were up to our ancles in blood, thickened by brains and troddened entrails; mangled limbs, severed features, scalps and bits of skulls floated in the gore, and every time the ship rolled they dashed against our legs, the blood washing to our boot tops.

"The ship was sinking fast, and our reduced numbers were obliged to exert themselves to the utmost of their powers. I went round with the surgeon and his mates, and every man who was decidedly dead we immediately threw overboard, and about nine hundred were thus rapidly thrust through the port holes; men who an hour before had rushed with the vigour of lions at each other, now tumbled together into the sea mere motionless masses, and the wounded lay groaning by each other's sides, no longer with a disposition to destroy or hurt. What is valour, when the rich can hire and the crafty stimulate us like machines, to butcher each other with the fury of tigers, and

with the stupidity of beasts, without knowing why or wherefore.

"Vallerton was most actively engaged in saving the ship from sinking; and the prisoners who must have shared our fate, had the vessel gone down, were striving to the utmost to assist our efforts.

"All the masts had been shot away, every gun and gun-carriage were thrown overboard, the dead men's sea chests, the remaining shot and barrels of powder, the provisions and water, were all thrown over the sides; the anchors and boats were cut adrift, and we thus lightened the ship, so that she floated above any of the shot holes, and Vallerton had hopes of saving his prize.

"Our attention was now directed to our own ship, the Lion. She seemed by no means better off than her victim. We threw every thing overboard as we had done in our prize, and by exertions at the pumps, we floated our vessel higher than any injury she had received from the shot between wind and water.

"Vallerton had chosen ten of the ablest of his remaining men to superintend the rest, so true is it that man is inefficient unless directed and governed by others. Slight jury-

masts were got an end in each ship. The wreck had been entirely cleared, and our crew were rigging both vessels with the utmost dispatch. All was in a train to put us in the best possible condition.

" I was working with the seamen at the ropes of the Lion, for ignorant of seamanship, I could only exert myself manually, and by the direction of others. Captain Vallerton came to me, and I saw death in his looks. ' Are you wounded, Mandeville?' said he, with a thick and faltering voice, paleness suffusing his countenance. ' No, Sir,' I replied, ' but let me assist you.' ' I am past assistance,' said he, feebly, and suddenly grasping my breast, his eyes rolled in glossiness, as he staggered and fell. I caught him in my arms, but strong as I was, I was unable to support his powerful person. I could only break his fall, and let him gently down upon the deck.

" I got the bulk heads of his cabin put up to part it from the general body of the ship, for in preparing for the action, the bulk heads or partitions which had separated or enclosed the cabin, had been taken down. I put the cot up with my own hands, and made the bed

up for my good and wounded friend, and stripping him upon a mattress, the surgeon dressed his wounds previously to his being put to bed.

"As I pulled off his clothes, his full and majestic body appeared a mass of old scars or bleeding wounds, and as the surgeon observed, it was impossible to conceive how even *his* heroic spirit could have supported a body so mangled, much less to exert himself during the long and excessive fatigues he had supported whilst commanding others, and working himself to clear the vessels of wreck, and render them safe and seaworthy. His powerful mind had animated him to exertion, until the point at which every part of his drained and exhausted body had mechanically refused its functions, or a sense of duty had stimulated him to exertion, until every thing essentially necessary to our safety had been done, or was in the train of being done properly.

"He now lay before me, naked, bleeding and senseless. 'Will he live long,' said I to the surgeon: 'how can you ask such a question,' was the answer, 'he has wounds enough to kill a dozen men, it is shocking to dress

them. I never saw such a sight in the whole course of my practice.'

" The surgeon spoke but too true. The musket ball which had struck him during his single combat with the French boatswain, had shattered his left shoulder blade to pieces; and as a ball had passed through the flesh of the right arm, and the left wrist had been injured by a pistol shot, it was surprising that he had been able to maintain a single combat with his gigantic antagonist.

" There was a ghastly sabre cut across the breast, and a slighter wound of a boarding pike in the groin. A splinter had considerably injured the right side, and there was a severe gash behind the head, and another in the face. The pike that had run through his thigh as he leaped on board the enemy, had been broken in the wound, and as he had extracted it himself when he found it impeded his exertions, it was now a serious wound. Not only had his legs been both perforated by musket balls, but on taking off the handkerchief which he had bound round his left leg, we found that the calf had been torn to pieces by a splinter or grape shot.

" My attention had been so closely taken

up by assisting the surgeon in his duties to the dying Captain, that I had never given a thought to the Commodore.—Sir John Fadladeen, as soon as he perceived our fire, had beat up towards us under easy sail; but immediately he saw the English flag waving over the lilies of France, he set every stitch of canvass to come to *our assistance.*

"He was now within hearing, and pompously dressed, displayed his person by standing on the hammocks in a theatrical attitude. He hailed the ship. I answered out of the cabin window.

"'Is not that Captain Mandeville's voice,' asked the Commodore.

"I answered in the affirmative.

"'Then know, Sir, that when I hail one of my squadron, I expect the captain of the ship to answer.'

"'Captain Vallerton is wounded, Sir John, and is now in his cot.'

"'Then let one of the naval officers of the ship answer.'

"'There is no officer of any description that is not wounded or killed.'

"'Is Captain Vallerton too ill to come on board the Britannia.'

" 'He is by far too ill to be removed.'

" 'Tell him, then,' cried Sir John, with his weak and peculiar voice, 'that for disobedience of orders, he is to consider himself my prisoner; and I will send my second lieutenant on board, to take the command of the ship from him.'

" I was apprehensive that this dialogue would be heard by the Captain, and turning round to see if it had disturbed him, I saw a smile of contempt playing upon his lips.

" He had recovered from his exhaustion. 'I see,' said he, in a faint voice, 'the game the Commodore intends to play. I shall soon be out of his reach; but, my friend, Mandeville, I leave you the guardian of my fame, let not a coward's voice sully the name of Vallerton.'

" 'Never, my dear friend, shall aught diminish your glory. I will myself publish all I have seen and know of you.'

" 'Be cautious, speak from facts and not from friendship; but let my name bear no disgrace. My two brave antagonists are not, I hope, thrown overboard.'

" 'No, Sir, they have been left for your orders.'

" 'Then, my friend, as I am to lose the com-

mand of the ship, whilst *I am* her Captain, let me bury them with all the rights and honors of war, which their bravery so justly demands of me. Let them be thrown over board immediately; if any of the French prisoners are acquainted with the Catholic rites and ceremonies of burying the dead, let them be requested to perform them over their late companions in arms, and send six of my crew into the cabin, they can bear my cot to the gang-way, that by my presence I may honour the sepulture of those brave officers who fell by my sword.'

" 'My dear Captain Vallerton, do not carry your generosity so far, the least disturbance of you may prove fatal.

" 'There is less of generosity than you may imagine; for, my friend, I have wounds about me that too surely seal my fate, and my being carried on deck, at most can but accelerate that which will infallibly take place before another sun-rise.'

" 'Your fine constitution may yet baffle all your wounds.'

" 'My *spirit* is too deeply wounded. Fame has been denied me, until I am too old even to win renown—I do not wish to live.'

" ' But removing your cot will inflict on you severe pain.'

" ' My life has been little else but pain. It will soothe these my lost moments, to pay respect to the remains of foes so brave; and oh, Mandeville, said he, grasping my hand, let no disrespect be offered to my body before my crew. Let me be thrown over-board with all the rites of a warrior, the drum, the inspiring volley.'

" ' And the heart-felt sigh, and bitter tear, my dear and honoured commander,' said I, bursting into tears and pressing his hands within mine to my lips.

" ' Mandeville, you affect me to weeping, but you little know the meanness of those about you. The Commodore has a little mind, a mean spirit, he knows I own a warrior's heart, that fame and glory have been the stars of life to me; it would delight him therefore to pay disrespect to my poor remains, to treat me as a prisoner, that my men may think me not justified in attacking the enemy, as my success is a reproach to him. He would wish it to be thought, that my disobedience to his signals has merely robbed him of a triumph he intended to achieve. But let us attend to

the burying of the French officers, and let all the French prisoners in the hold be allowed to witness the ceremony.'

"'Sir, they are by far more numerous than our crew, it will be dangerous to let them upon deck, at least we must all wear side arms.'

"'They will be too grateful for the honour we do them, to rise upon us. Let none wear side arms, let us show a thorough confidence in them, and now, Captain Mandeville, time presses, away and get all things prepared, and as soon as the two bodies are ready to be brought to the ship's side, send six of my men to lift me on deck.'

"I arranged every thing for the ceremony. The French Captain had been cleansed of his gore, and his neck covered with a black stock put on in ceremony. He lay on a grating at the after part of the quarter deck, with his brilliant cuirass and plumed helmet. At the right side of his tall and elegant figure, thus almost panoplied in chivalrous order, lay his brave and gigantic boatswain, whose rough and herculean limbs were in contrast to the elegant and graceful strength expressed in the form of his noble commander. This brave

man was dressed in the common jacket and trowsers in which he had fought, he had been cleansed of his blood, and his profuse curls of raven hair and whiskers were combed over his face in the careless gracefulness with which nature had disposed them to lie. His seaman's shirt was unbuttoned at the collar, and showed his broad and capacious chest, but his neckcloth had been put on rather tighter than was consistent with the loose style of a seaman's dress; it had been found necessary to tie it in this manner, in order to keep up the under part of the face, which had been severed from the upper by the cut of Captain Vallerton's powerful sword. His hat was off, and his countenance showed that he had died undaunted and fierce. The expression of the French Captain's face was that of enterprise and intrepidity.

"All the prisoners were allowed to come on deck, and the Count de Vendome, the Captain of the French frigate, who was a prisoner on board of us, undertook to read the catholic service of the dead. I arranged both the prisoners and our seamen in rows, leading from the corpse to the gang-way, off which they were to be plunged into the sea, but I kept

thirty of our men under arms to fire a volley over the dead, we had but one small cannon on board, and we could not fire that on account of the Commodore. The drums were muffled; all being ready, I entered the cabin to report to this effect to Captain Vallerton.

"I found his eyes intensely fixed on the sword of the dead French officer, whom we were now about to hide for ever from human observation.

"'All is ready, Captain Vallerton,' said I, in a low voice; for the earnest solemnity of his looks awed and chilled me.

"'That sword,' said he, 'was wielded by the brave man whom I slew. I won it nobly; for a more valiant and powerful foe I never fought with. Ah,' continued he, deeply sighing, 'I have no son to whom it can descend; my name with me is extinct. Take it, my friend Mandeville, and bind it by the side of him who a few hours ago crossed it against mine in fight: put it in its sheath by his left side; and place the gallant officer's right hand on his noble heart. My other valiant antagonist too—he has no sword: I remember it flew to pieces, unfaithful to its trust, at its master's time of need. Reach me that sabre hanging over the

port-hole; I have always valued it; it reminds me of a fight in which I won it arm to arm with a brave and gigantic leader of the buccaneers—one whose noble conduct to the unfortunate almost sanctified his warfare—place it, Mandeville, in the right hand of the boatswain, whose single arm, a few hours ago, turned the scale of the fight against us: it was a noble fight—he ought to have conquered me.'

"I took the two weapons, and was going out of the cabin. 'Stop, Mandeville; the bodies, I suppose, are covered with some flag or ensign.'

"'Yes, Sir, the ship's ensign is thrown over them.'

"'Remove it. Cover them with the lilies of France, and divide the ensign we took from them into two, and bind a part round the waist of each of them; let them be covered by the colours they so well defended, and let those colours go with them to the bottom—it is a homage due to their valour. Give the prisoners permission to see and mourn over the bodies of their officers, then summon me on deck.'

"I did all he commanded; and when the Frenchmen saw these noble and delicate marks

of respect paid to their dead officers, they burst into tears. The prisoners had crowded round the bodies for some time. I now ordered them in ranks again, and I reported to Captain Vallerton that all was in readiness.

"Six English seamen entered his cabin, to bear his cot upon deck. They approached their dying commander with countenances of real sorrow; he shook hands with them all, and spoke of the noble manner in which they had stood to their guns. They lifted the cot on their shoulders. Every eye was directed anxiously to the quarter-deck ladder, up which they expected the cot to be borne. He comes, he comes, whispered every voice, as the feet of those who bore him were heard to approach. When the cot reached the deck, a profound silence prevailed; and every man simultaneously took off his hat. The cot was carried through the ranks of the men, all eagerly trying to get a view of their captain. He was borne to the edge of the quarter-deck, and placed with the head elevated, so that he could see the bodies as they lay whilst the service was reading.

"And now each corpse was brought forward, with the side arms and the French en-

sign bound to them as the captain had directed. The French officers were allowed to be the bearers of the corpse. Vallerton's eye grew animated as he caught the sight of the bodies: he gazed on them with an expression of spirit which subsided into a look of pity and sadness—a tear glistened in his eye—it trickled down his cheek—his wounded arms were unable to wipe it away.

" The service proceeded, and Vallerton uttered aloud the responses. The bodies were slided off the grating into the sea, and the vollies were fired in conclusion of the ceremony. ' There is something,' said Captain Vallerton to me, ' peculiarly inspiring in the sound of fire-arms; they make my heart rebound, and almost make me forget I am never,' said he, with a sigh, ' to hear them more.'

" My friend was borne again to his cabin, evidently distressed by the motion of his removal. He was suffering the most acute agony, although uttering neither groan nor complaint—he was growing rapidly worse.

" Shortly after, the boat from the Commodore's ship came alongside, and I left the cabin to receive the officer that was sent to take

the command of the Lion. The Commodore's second and fifth lieutenants came on board; and, as they entered the ship, I bowed to them respectively.

" 'When I come on board to take the command of the ship,' said Mr. Littledales, the Commodore's second lieutenant, 'the captain, that is to say, the late captain, might I think pay me the respect of meeting me on the quarter-deck.'

" 'Captain Vallerton, Sir, I fear, is too ill to meet any but his Creator.'

" 'Oh! he really is wounded, is he? Is he so seriously wounded that he cannot be removed to the Commodore's vessel? Pray, whereabouts is the wound? Where is he wounded? Why don't you answer?'

" 'I can answer laconically by the words every where; for there is no part of his body that has not received serious injury.'

" 'Well, it is his own fault; for the fellow never could see a gun fired, or pikes and swords at work, but he would be putting his head into the midst of the fray. The Commodore told him so one day in my presence, saying, 'Why, Captain Vallerton, why don't you do as I do? merely direct the battle at a dis-

tance with your intellect, and let vulgar brawny arms meddle with the sword and smoke. I have got more fame in the service than you have, although you are always getting your skin scarred, and bones broke.'

"'I am sure, Sir, that was advice which an officer like Captain Vallerton would duly appreciate.'

"'He could not but appreciate whatever came from so brave and distinguished an officer as Sir John Fadladeen—one who has received the favours of the Admiralty Board in profusion. I fancy the Commodore, by putting your captain under arrest, only means to frighten him, and make him apologize and publicly confess, that, by his indiscreetly running into this action, he has prevented the Commodore's acquiring a glory which he certainly would have acquired; for nobody who knows Sir John Fadladeen can doubt that he would have engaged the enemy. Sir John is a man of science, who fights by tactics and manœuvres, and by distant gunnery; but that fellow Vallerton must always be a mere boatswain or sergeant, hand to hand with the enemy; though, to give the devil his due, he always brought the ship into action in a seaman-like manner.'

"'And the Commodore, Mr. Littledales, really means to *frighten* Captain Vallerton.'

"'I should say, Captain Mandeville, that he does not wish to do him any serious injury; but let us attend to duty. Upon my soul, you have been devilishly cut up—why, your sides and decks are like honey-combs with shot-holes. You have taken the three French captains, you say: they must go on board the Britannia, to yield up their swords to the Commodore. Where are your prisoners?'

"'They are in the hold, and the hatchways guarded.'

"'The officers, I suppose, are not in the hold?'

"'Our prisoners are chiefly officers; for out of the two ships we first captured, we took none but officers.'

"'But why do you keep them in the hold?'

"'They are so much more numerous than ourselves. We have but ninety of our men left fit for duty; and many of these are on the sick list, with slight wounds. Thirty of our men are in the prize; and, consequently, we have but sixty hands on board the Lion.'

"'Your men have been terribly cut up in

the fight; but how many prisoners have you on board?'

"'We have about one hundred and twenty officers and petty officers, and two hundred and thirty men, independent of the wounded.'

"'Well, we will send the three French captains on board the Britannia, to deliver their swords to the Commodore.'

"'Two, Sir, of the captains, have fallen by Captain Vallerton's arm. The other officer is on his parole, now walking the quarter-deck.'

"'Well, Sir, we must send this gentleman with the two senior officers of the other ships, to deliver each his sword to the Commodore.'

"'I am afraid, Mr. Littledales, that is hardly practicable.'

"'Not practicable; it must be done, Sir John most particularly desired me to send them back in the boat with Lieutenant Snapper, who has accompanied me for the purpose of escorting the prisoners. Sir John is in full uniform, the men are mustered in divisions, the quarter-deck is put in order, and the prisoners are to be marched through our files and ranks, where Sir John will receive their swords, at the head of the quarter-deck, the

band playing all the while; pray what did you mean by talking of its not being practicable?'

"'I will send the French officers to you, Sir, and you can give your orders to them.'

"Two lieutenants and Captain Vendome were presented by me to Mr. Littledales, who communicated to them the Commodore's intention of receiving their swords.

"'My sword,' said the Count de Vendome, 'has been already delivered to that brave man who won it.'

"'Why there,' Count de Vendome,' said Mr. Littledales, 'you are mistaken, the Commodore is the officer entitled to receive your swords. Captain Vallerton's capturing you was merely casual; but for his precipitance, you would have been captured by the British Commodore.'

"'We all thought otherwise,' replied the Count, with an expression of strong contempt. 'Our views and apprehensions were directed to Captain Vallerton. He has won our swords by a union of heroic qualities, which almost rendered it pleasurable to yield them. None but the brave could have a right to the swords of Frenchmen. Mine has been yielded.'

" 'You will go into the boat, Sir, with your companions. Your swords will be returned to you, and you will deliver them to the Commodore, according to your orders.'

" 'My sword has been lost, nor shall it ever grace my side again, unless he who won it may return it to me as worthy once more to wear it; what these gentlemen may do, turning to the two French lieutenants, will, I have no doubt, be consistent with their honour. as French officers; but, for me, I will not yield my sword to the British Commodore.'

" 'Nor will we,' replied the two lieutenants. 'that brave man, who won our swords, and who has honoured the remains of our unfortunate commander, shall alone receive the token of our submission.'

" 'Gentlemen, are you aware that you are my prisoners, and that I have full power over you,' said the British officer.

" 'We know,' contemptuously, returned the Count de Vendome, 'what power the laws of war give you over us, and use them, Sir, with what rigour you may please, we will not yield our honour to avoid meanness or tyranny.'

" 'Count de Vendome I expect you to receive your sword from Captain Vallerton's

cabin, and to deliver it to your real conquerer, Sir John Fadladeen; and I expect you also to influence these two French gentlemen to the same propriety of conduct.'

" 'I shall do none of these things, Sir, my answer is given,' said the Count.

" 'And you are resolved to behave so unlike an officer and a gentleman. As a Count, and the head of a noble family, I thought, Sir, you would have had esprit de corps enough to shed all the lustre you could around a man of birth, like Sir John Fadladeen, and not upon a mere plebeian, whose vulgar qualities of running into personal fights are his only merit.

" 'Sir,' replied the Count de Vendome, with great indignation, 'no man of vulgar personal courage could conquer the French squadron. He who captured us is a great hero, and your Commodore, by his cowardice, has disgraced his colours, and the rank to which he belongs.'

" Mr. Littledales was by no means enraged at this speech from the Count, but coolly taking myself and Lieutenant Snapper aside, he addressed us with a 'well, gentlemen, you see it is of no use arguing or ordering this Frenchman, he is as obstinate as the main-mast.

Mr. Snapper, you must return, and put the best face you can upon the matter, with the Commodore. He will be disappointed of his triumph, which I know he sets his heart on. You must say to him that the French officers have expressed great regret that they had not the opportunity of yielding their swords, in the first instance, to an officer of his high character, but having yielded them before, to Captain Vallerton, it is a point of honour with them not to subject themselves a second time to the mortification of giving up their arms. Snapper, say this loud enough for all the quarter-deck to hear, and assure Sir John, privately, that I did every thing I possibly cou'd to combat this delicacy on the part of the French gentlemen. You must report, also, to the Commodore, that the fellow, Vallerton, has got some six or eight, or say a dozen, if you please, of wounds, so that he cannot be removed, a prisoner, to the Britannia, without endangering his life. Ask him whether he may not stay where he is, or if I shall remove him to-night? Report also the deplorable state of the vessel. By the Lord, if a gale springs up she will founder.'

"Lieutenant Snapper returned to his ship

with these orders, from his brother officer, and I was left alone, to be entertained by my new commander, Mr. Littledales, who certainly was, in every respect, the contrast to what he called the plebeian Vallerton.

"Mr. Littledales was a nephew of the Marquis of * * * *, and a follower of Sir John Fadladeen. He had been made lieutenant immediately he had served his six years as a midshipman; and as three of these years had been spent, by him, at the Naval Academy, at Portsmouth, intended for the distressed offspring of veteran officers, he had seen very little practical duty. I might also say that he had seen as little of theoretical studies, for, as the nephew of a marquis, every indulgence had been shewn to him at the Portsmouth Academy, and of the three years he had been a student, at the establishment, about two years and three months had been spent with his mother, at her house, in the north of England, or rather south of Scotland. But the three years he had nominally spent, at the establishment at Portsmouth, counted in the six years which he was, by the regulations, obliged to serve as a midshipman; and of the three years he had been afloat, about two had been spent

in different ships under repairs at Portsmouth. For the marchioness, his aunt, who was extremely fond of him, always contrived that he should be on shore, and with leave of absence; so that, in fact, Mr. Littledales had been about nine months a student of nautical science, where he ought, by the laws of the service, to have been constantly applying himself for three years, and he had been about one year at sea, where, by the same laws, he ought to have been three. Nevertheless he passed his examination as a midshipman, and immediately received his commission as a lieutenant. and as immediately was deemed, by the Admiralty Board, fit to be entrusted with command, and with the lives of her Majesty's faithful subjects, which lives, however, he happened to lose, by running the brig he commanded on a ridge of rocks, upon the French coast, and which ridge of rocks were laid down in every chart, and known to every master's-mate in the service. However, his own life was saved; he was taken prisoner, interest procured him his parole, with the privilege of visiting the French capital, the gaieties of which he enjoyed until he was tired, and then contrived to get exchanged by the French go-

vernment, for a gallant captain of French dragoons, who had been taken by us, in Spain. Immediately on his arriving in London, he was appointed a lieutenant in his cousin's, Sir John Fadladeen's ship, and Sir John, now judiciously and conscientiously thought proper to put him in command of our crippled vessel, although it required the utmost conduct and knowledge to preserve her.

"He was about four feet nine inches and three-quarters high, thin, but very well turned, with a high forehead, a lofty, thin, aquiline nose, quick light grey eyes, hollow pale cheeks, thin lips, and very white and regular teeth, which he took very good care to expose as much as possible. He walked on his toes, if walk it could be called, for his motion forward seemed something between a hop and a shuffle. In short he was what people often emphatically call 'an object,' and, like many other objects, he was possessed of an unbounded conceit of himself, particularly in all that regarded his face, person, and manners. He was, however, when on board a ship, always well dressed, in naval uniform, and in that particular, at least, always looked respectable.

" His companion, Lieutenant Snapper, was a very different sort of personage, of that figure and appearance which is so often seen in the sea-service. He was of that height which might lose any man his wager if he ventured to bet upon his being five feet six, for this hero might be full that measurement; but he had contracted the graceful habit of stooping, which at once gave him a good round pair of shoulders, and took off two inches from his stature. He was rather square, very bow-legged, but brisk enough in his manners to be called a dapper little fellow. A flat, but projecting forehead, large eyebrows, dull black eyes, high cheek bones, thick lips, and a snub nose, which stood in contempt of all connection with the forehead, formed this gentleman's countenance; added to which, his beard was of a colour and of a strength that no razor could prevent his chin resembling a black scrubbing-brush. His voice was gruff and loud, he was full of self-conceit, and added to the good opinion of himself, a hearty contempt of every body else.

" At that period our naval officers were allowed to shew their inclination to despise their uniform, and to dress in plain clothes,

or what was worse, to mix the plain dress with that of their profession. As these gentlemen were seldom in good company on shore, and their clothes were made by the tailors at the out-ports, they were generally dressed in the worst of taste, always fine, and out of fashion, and their clothes put on and worn as if they were not used to them, and were under the consciousness of their being fine, so that they always looked like the well-dressed Sunday-beaux from the London shops. Now Lieutenant Snapper was of this taste, and at the moment of his being on this duty he wore a pair of blue pantaloons, with half-boots, a deep red double-breasted waistcoat, with large black sprigs, the red being a most unfortunate colour for his black beard, and broad burnished countenance. He had on a naval half-dress coat, with a white neckcloth, and large cocked hat, and a hanger by his side, so that he looked a mixture of Sunday-Jew, of smuggler, and of captain of a privateer.

"But that Lieutenant Snapper conceived himself so well dressed, that he was at once the admiration of all around him, and entitled to shew contempt towards myself and his companions, was fully evinced by his strut,

his consequential gaze of himself, mixed with the slow stiff motion which indicated that he was well braced up to make his pantaloons set tight, and in danger of spoiling his neck-cloth by too free a turn of the head.

" In a quarter of an hour he returned to the Lion, and coming up to Lieutenant Littledales and myself, who were walking the quarter deck together, he began with, a ' well, Littledales, the Commodore is in the devil's own rage about these French rascals' not giving up their swords to him. I told him you had done all you could both to frighten and to persuade them to it, so he is no longer angry with you.'

" ' Angry with me, said Littledales, what could my cousin Sir John be angry for with me?'

" ' Never mind,' replied Snapper, ' you know he gets into his tantrums with us all now and then.'

" ' And what did he say of me, said Littledales, drawing himself up to nearly five feet high,'

" ' Why he damned you for a little-whipper-snapper-pale-faced-son-of-a-bitch,' said Snapper, leering and laughing in his sleeve.

" 'Did he,' said Littledales, jumping with rage, 'and you to report it to me in the presence of Captain Mandeville.'

" 'Come don't now be in any of your hurricanes, you asked me what Sir John said of you, and I told you, and now you are offended. You had better be calm and hear the orders I have brought.'

" 'Well, repeat them, said Littledales, biting his under lip.'

" 'He says, that all the French prisoners from the three ships, wounded or not wounded, shall be put on board of the French crazy Commodore, and left entirely to themselves; for as their guns are thrown over-board, and they have only jury masts, they can neither hurt us nor get away, and Sir John says, that if they dont keep their station in the line, he'll fire a broadside into them immediately, to resent the insolence of Vendome and his companions walking to leeward there.'

" 'Very just, Sir, said I to him, to kill some thirty or forty human beings in resentment of Captain Vendome's obstinacy.'

" 'As to just or unjust, said Snapper, that's the order of life you know, one man works, another gets the profit, one sins, and another

suffers, so there's no great harm in firing into the Frenchman. But to go on with the Commodore's orders to you Littledales. He intends to put a hundred of his men into the French seventy-four, and fifty into the French frigate, so that they may sail with us in proper trim, and make us look formidable if we fall in with the enemy.'

" 'And how many is he to give me, said Littledales, continuing in his ill humour.'

" 'Give you, that's a good joke, why he intends to take twenty of your hands from you, for as you have no guns, and only jury masts, you can't be of service even in appearance, so he looks upon you as a dead weight upon his hands.'

" 'Does he,' said Littledales, 'does he know that if forty men are enough to work the ship under her light jury masts, that they are not enough for her pumps in our shattered state. He takes deuced good care of himself, he parts with few of his own men, although he has plenty of them.'

" 'I represented the pumps to him, and he said he could not let you have more than forty men, he could not weaken his crew so much, for if he came into action,—'

" '*He* come into action,' said Littledales, with a contemptuous emphasis upon the He.

" 'Well, quick to work, said Snapper, for it's coming on to blow hard, and all your prisoners must be sent away immediately, and Sir John desired me say :'—

" Here Mr. Snapper whispered something to his companion evidently about myself, for Snapper's eyes were directed towards me, with the expression of ' do not let him know,' whilst Lieutenant Littledales looked at me with no expression at all, but I heard him whisper in return, ' oh, I have no objection, for I never had any dislike to Captain Mandeville, I rather liked him, only he carried himself so very high.' 'Well,' continued Lieutenant Snapper, raising his voice, ' you are to have myself, three Midshipmen, and two boatswains' mates, and one carpenter's mate sent you, to assist your command.'

" I judged from what I heard from these two worthies, that Sir John Fadladeen had sent some message of conciliation relative to me, and this I calculated was perhaps to allay my determination of revenging the injuries I had received at his hands, and which resolution of mine would be rendered practicable by

his late dastardly conduct having given me an advantage over him. Independent of all which I knew, he would be glad to detach me from any regard I might have formed for Vallerton.

" The prisoners were hurried out of the ship, I stood on the gang-way seeing them go over the side, and as each man descended, he respectfully bowed to me; when the two first boats were putting off, they gave three cheers to their brave conqueror.

" The French officers took even an impressive leave of me, the Count de Vendome shook me warmly by the hand, 'tell your friend, Captain Vallerton,' said he, 'that I esteem him as a brave and generous enemy, and that I will speak with warmth at the Court of France of the honors he paid to the remains of our Commodore, tell him I wish him health, and if he returns to Europe, I trust I shall one day be honored by his presence as my guest at my chateau de Vendome, and I trust he will be accompanied by Captain Mandeville.'

" I thanked him for his respectful feelings for my friend, and for his politeness towards myself, and he and his companions bowing to me, went over the side without noticing

Mr. Littledales, and slightly bowing to Lieutenant Snapper.

"Twenty of our men were taken from us to the Commodore, but before they departed, they begged and intreated to be allowed to take leave of Captain Vallerton, or even to bow at his cabin door; but although I seconded their request, Mr. Littledales, now our acting captain, positively refused to accord to their wishes.

"As soon as I saw the last boat shove off, my heart sunk within me. I was now left with these two gentlemen, Mr. Littledales and Mr. Snapper, as my commanders and companions, what a contrast to my noble and worthy friend, under whom I had enjoyed such real happiness.

"I was going into the cabin to see my friend, when Mr. Littledales came hopping up to me.

"'Captain Mandeville,' said he with his snapish voice, 'I would not have you hurt Captain Vallerton's feelings, but you will communicate to him as delicately as you can, the necessity of his quitting the cabin, as I wish to take possession of it.'

"'Captain Vallerton, Sir, will not I believe need the comfort of it long, I trust you will not disturb a brother officer, dying under such circumstances?'—

"'The question is, when will he die, he may be a month dying, and you can hardly expect me to be thrust into one of the births below for so long a time. If I were sure that Captain Vallerton would not exist long, I am the last man in the world that would wish to disturb him; but state the case to Captain Vallerton, and I am confident he will see the reasonableness of his being removed. My dignity requires I should have the cabin for immediate use.'

"At this moment the surgeon came on deck to relieve himself by air and exercise from the distressing duties he had been performing to the wounded in the cock-pit. Mr. Littledales called him, and began to address him:

"'Doctor, I was talking to Captain Mandeville about removing my prisoner Vallerton into one of the births below.'

"'I trust, Sir, you have no such intention, it would certainly accelerate his death.'

"'There now, accelerate his death, so I

suppose there is the chance of his living some time; he *must* be removed immediately.'

"'His removal,' said the Doctor, 'will occasion him very great suffering.'

"'Suffering is incidental to our profession,' answered Mr. Littledales.

"'Such suffering,' said I satirically, 'as putting up with an inferior cabin for a few days.'

"'Doctor, can you tell me what time, that is how long, your patient can live.'

"'I wish, Sir, he might live many years in the happiness he so eminently deserves.'

"'I don't want any expression of your wishes, I officially ask your professional opinion on the time your patient may last.'

"'That is impossible for me to say, Sir.'

"'Can't you give any guess.'

"'No, Sir, I can venture upon no such prediction.'

"'You can surely say whether it is likely to be a year, three months, one month, or three weeks.'

"'I should certainly say that it is impossible he can live any one of those periods.'

"'Is he likely to live a week, three days, for instance.'

"'I much fear he will not live three days,

perhaps not one day, he is very seriously injured.'

"'Then, I say, he may be removed, for I argue thus,' holding up his hands with the ends of his two fore fingers together. 'If he is so ill that he is likely to die in three days, I am sure removing below can be of little consequence to a man who must die so soon; if he is not so ill as you conceive, removing will do him no harm that he may not get the better of, besides if he is not so ill as you think, he may live a fortnight, and it would be most abominable in me to be kept out of my accommodations so long a time. Personally I have every wish to oblige Captain Vallerton, for he saved my life at Cuba, when a great he rascally Spaniard, I verily believe of seven feet high, was pouncing upon me with a sword as long as a halbert. This Captain Vallerton had no business in the affair, but he ran and fought the rough brute and beat his brains about his ears, or rather I should say about my ears, for the fellows blood splashed me all over. It was a very rude thing of Vallerton to fight in so common a way before me, but he made me what was equal to an apology, for the anxiety of the fight hav-

ing brought upon me a yellow fever, this gentleman gave me up his cot for three weeks, so that but for my comfort and dignity, I should really be glad to let him die in his cabin, if I were sure he was not long to live. If he dies there, you don't seem to recollect, gentlemen, that the cabin must be fumigated and aired two or three days before I can take possession of it.'

"It was with the greatest difficulty that the surgeon and myself could compromise the dispute, by consenting that the captain should be allowed to keep in his cabin that one night.

"'And pray, said Mr. Littledales, what sort of a mess am I likely to have on board of this ship.'

"'I presume you may have a very good one, for Captain Vallerton kept an excellent table, his stock was ample, and he is not likely to consume much more of it.'

"'An excellent table; I suppose, Captain Mandeville, by an excellent table, you mean some plain roast and boiled meat, with a glass of sherry at dinner, and a pint of port after.'

"'No, Sir, although Captain Vallerton was

himself temperate in the extreme, he kept a refined and rather a superb table for his officers.'

" 'Well I must let my steward talk to his cook upon that subject, for good eating and drinking will be a necessary consolation for living amidst such solitude and desolation as I am to find in this unpeopled and battered ship.'

" The sun's upper limb now descended below the horizon—the wind had risen to a storm—thick clouds were fast gathering o'er the welkin, and every thing portended a gale of wind, and bad weather—all was dreary, cheerless and melancholy. Last night our hearts had beat high with enterprize and noble daring—the night and morning had been spent in furious conflict, and the day and evening had passed in incessant and laborious exertions. We were all exhausted with fatigue, and depressed by the scene of ruin around us, as well as by the painful recollections of our friends and companions who had fallen in the struggle.

" I entered the cabin resolved to pass the night with my expiring friend, I found him in the most excruciating agonies, large streams

of perspiration were running down his face with the pain, and his features were often convulsed. He bore his sufferings like a stoic, no cry or complaint escaped his lips, once or twice he was unable quite to suppress his groans, they murmured on his lips; at one paroxysm of pain, he clinched his fists and ground his teeth with a dreadful energy, and raising his body on his heels and the back of his head, he again fell down with a deep and exhausted sigh.

"Presently he forgot his pain, and seeing me near his side, said, 'my faithful and good friend, do not spend your time watching me, all the attendance I want is a glass of water by my side to allay my burning fever; so, turn in to your cot, you must be much fatigued.'

"He pressed me to retire to rest, but I positively refused to leave the cabin, and at last consented to throw myself down on the sofa which was lashed to the side of the ship.

"In about two hours I awoke, chilly and miserable, and resumed my place in a chair lashed to the deck by the side of the cot. Nothing could be more wretched than the scene. The cabin was dark, except the cen-

tre which was illuminated by one lamp hung to the top or ceiling, and which shot its feeble rays on poor Vallerton's countenance and pillow. The ship rolled most furiously, and the wind blowing a heavy gale whistled through the numerous shot holes in the sides of the cabin, and through which apertures the sea most unpleasantly washed.

"Vallerton's countenance was serene and placid, I thought him asleep, and was about to remove the lantern, the light of which playing on his face, I was afraid would disturb him.

"'Leave it where it is,' said he, faintly lifting up his eyes, 'it is pleasant even dying to view any memorial of light and all its joyous sensations. But you had better go again to rest.'

"'I thank you, Sir, but I have slept for several hours.'

"'Your sleep cannot have much refreshed you, you have been I am sure dreaming of our conflict, for you have been in incessant agitation, and crying out every war-like word which the battle could call forth.'

"'Then, Sir, I fear I must have disturbed you.'

"'No further than my concern that your sleep should be of so little use to you.'

"'Is the surgeon present.'

"'No, Sir.'

"'Will you have the goodness, if he is not engaged with the wounded, to say I wish to see him.'

"The surgeon was sent for and entered the cabin.

"'Well, Doctor, said the Captain, what are the chances of my recovery, speak plainly, I am not afraid to hear the worst.'

"'I should hope, Sir, for the best.'

"'That tone and answer are intelligible enough, but I am aware of the fast approach of my fate.'

"'Do not so entirely despond, I have attended you before now, for wounds much more severe than any you now possess.'

"'But never, my friend, for so many at a time. I can tell you, Sir, I have wounds enough about me to send me to my count, even if I had the lives of twenty men.'

"'But, Sir, your temperate habits, your great strength, and your excellent constitution will——'

"'Will, my friend, avail me nothing, I feel

the approach of death, and I rejoice, for when the hopes and colouring, which youth spreads over life, leave us, and the world appears in its reality, in my mind, he who soonest quits the scene is the most blessed. But how do your patients go on in the cock-pit?'

" 'Very badly indeed, Sir, the wounds are all serious. In amputations, I was obliged to wait between every roll of the ship for an opportunity to cut in proper directions, and I am sorry to say that few of the incisions were precise or good. Now the heaving of the ship disturbs the men most seriously, and tears the wounds open afresh. I am afraid, before morning we shall have upwards of forty to throw overboard.'

" As he ended, a blast roared through the shot holes of the cabin, and an immense sea swept o'er the ship, driving her with a shock which made every timber vibrate. The wave had passed, and silence and darkness for a moment reigned, when groans and yells from the wounded in the cock-pit came loudly to our terrified senses.

" 'Oh,' said Vallerton, drawing a deep and lengthened sigh, 'that dreadful sound robs victory of all its pride and glory. The pro-

spect of the fight, the fight itself is inspiring, but the enthusiasm passed, who can bear to contemplate the wretched scene of misery that war produces. I would not for the world be of that class of officers who stand themselves aloof from the fight, and by their irresistible orders plunge the poor hirelings of men into the slaughter. I thank God I never yet commanded in action that I did not share the dangers which I bade others encounter—and yet how different the consequences to me and my poor men: if I recover of my wounds, a pension and retired ease are my lot; if a poor seaman recover, he is a vagrant beggar the remainder of his days. But, gentlemen, I wish to converse with you on the most important subjects, and I have sent for you, Doctor, that I might take advantage of speaking whilst I possess this fit of strength which expiring nature gives me in her last struggle to maintain herself against the encroachments of death.

" 'My dear friend, Mandeville,' said he, taking me warmly by the hand, 'I have before provided for my friend by your side, who has been my faithful surgical attendant, and has followed my fortunes from my first obtaining

a command in the service. I have therefore left you in my will the whole of my property, which you will find about 1500*l.* a year. This may, I trust, be a means of enabling you to pursue a course which may re-establish your family in the rank from which their loyalty to an ungrateful crown has so cruelly driven it. I have no request to make to you respecting my property, but this: never let escape an opportunity of assisting any of my poor wounded men, who now lie shrieking in the cock-pit, or of any man who has ever bled with me in fight. As to yourself, I know your nature well; fly the profession of arms, you will never succeed in it. It is not the wise head, the brave heart, nor the mighty arm that adapts the soldier to his profession. You must have money to purchase promotion, and borough interest to advance you in rank, or to employ you on stations useful to your interests, or conducive to your fame. You must be supple in disposition, disregard the real interests of your country, consider lightly the lives of your fellow-men; you must fight or not fight, forward the schemes of folly, and undermine or disregard the plans of wisdom as your interests dictate. In a government constituted as ours, self

must be every thing, and country nothing with you, if you hope to advance and to acquire rank and consequence in your profession. You have eloquence, the most useful of all gifts to him who hopes to be distinguished and pre-eminent. With the money I bequeath you, buy a seat in the House of Commons. It is the most foul way of getting into that assembly, but redeem your mode of entrance by your conduct when in the House. Plead the cause of your injured country, support the claims of the injured which are dismissed by the House at the beck of the ministry, and defeat that artful sophistry which teaches the necessity of your being attached to a party. Vote for or against the Government as their conduct is right or wrong, but when the question is indifferent, vote always against the Government, for all men need the fear of opposition, to produce in them a respect for principle, and to check our natural inclinations to tyranny and selfishness. But as to myself, I leave you the depository of my fame. Gentlemen, you both know the career I have run, you both have witnessed my conduct in this fight, and my motives for so irregularly engaging in it. Defend my character from

the aspersions which our commanding officer may make against it, in order to cover his own want of duty to his country. You know his great interest with the Government, and with our Government all cases are decided by interest alone. If the Government wish to render my name equivocal, you know how their slightest hint to this effect will be caught by the servile press. Mandeville, you have talents and have literature, let not your personal affection for me render you partial to my fame, but use your talents to defend me, and to acquire for my name that glory which I may in justice be entitled to; that glory for which I have fought from my earliest youth, before my weak arms could scarce sustain my body pendent on the shrouds. Oh, let not my name sink with me into oblivion; but, Mandeville, (raising himself with difficulty on his pillow) cover me with that brilliant phantom of renown, which I have unceasingly chaced through life.'

"Here poor Vallerton sunk exhausted on his pillow, and was with difficulty recovered to sensation. When he was again collected, we assured him of our tender attachment towards him, that we entered into all his feelings, and

would do our very utmost to transmit his name at least unsullied to posterity.

" He insisted now upon the doctor's leaving him to attend to the wounded, to whom he sent a message expressive of his admiration of their valour, and of his pity for their sufferings. 'Tell them,' said he, 'how desperately I am wounded, and exhort them to bear like me the glorious hurts that have been won in so noble a battle.'

" The doctor departed, and I remained in the cabin, sitting in the chair, lashed to the centre of the deck to prevent its being displaced by the rolling of the ship. The glimmering of the one lamp played upon the noble features of my brave friend. The storm raged most violently, it was a hurricane. The sea swept through the battered sides of the cabin, and the top of each wave seemed curled with fire, as it was driven by the wind almost to touch the clouds. Darkness surrounded me, and I was contemplating death; the heroic spirit of my commander was taking its flight amidst the convulsions of nature. In the temporary silence between each blast of the hurricane, the oaths and execrations of the men on deck, came to us mingled with the shrieks

and lengthened groans of the victims in the cock-pit.

"Captain Vallerton lay so long with his eyes closed, that I was looking at his face to ascertain if the spirit had burst from its tenement. A tremendous sea struck the vessel; a confused cry of men, with a loud crash of timber, followed in succession.

"'It is the main-mast gone,' said Captain Vallerton, feebly opening his eyes. 'It blows terribly hard, I much fear that our ship could not weather such a hurricane under any management, but I am sorry she is in hands by no means capable of doing what is best adapted to our dangerous circumstances. I wish, my friend Mandeville, you would go on deck, and tell the two lieutenants, that I advise them as the only way to save the ship, to put her before the wind, and run to the eastward. We shall soon be in the entrance of the Pacific Ocean, and might find shelter under the lee of some of the numerous islands, which lie scattered in this latitude. The ship will otherwise founder, or beg the gentlemen to converse with me a few minutes on the subject.'

"I went on deck, and found the two lieutenants walking fore and aft, evidently in ter-

ror, and ignorant what to do. I communicated to them my message as politely as possible. Their pride got the better of their prudence. 'Tell Captain Vallerton,' said Lieutenant Littledales, 'that I want no interference in my command; I am as competent to my duty as he is, or ever was, and I request him not to trouble me further with his views. I have anxiety enough on my mind, without being additionally burdened. I shall keep the ship as she now is.'

"I returned into the cabin.

"'I suppose,' said Vallerton, 'your message has not been well received, for pride and ignorance are inseparable.'

"'Mr. Littledales declines taking your advice.'

"'Then, my friend, the ship will be lost, and my poor men will perish. Little occasion has any one to rejoice in having survived the fight. But, Mandeville, take this advice from me, that in all cases of shipwreck or of foundering, never leave the vessel, for plank or boat. I am an old experienced seaman, and I scarcely ever knew a case of losing a ship, where those who staid by the vessel were not the best off.'

"The storm seemed to increase its fury; the rain was driven with such violence by the wind, that it stuck like bayonet points into the flesh, and even the long hair at the side of the head stung the face like whip-cord, so forcibly did it strike with the fury of the wind. At four o'clock in the morning, our fore and mizen masts with the bow-sprit were carried away by the gale, leaving the ship a perfect wreck. The crash of the falling masts awoke poor Vallerton, or appeared to awake him, from a long and placid slumber he seemed to have been enjoying.

" 'It is all over with the ship,' said he, opening his eyes which gradually brightened from their glassy dullness, until they assumed all the brilliancy, and beamed with all the intellect with which they were wont to radiate, when their owner was in health and in possession of his faculties.

" 'I have, for the last hour,' continued Vallerton, 'been far from reposing. The soul at the threshold of its departure is inspired with some portion of its inheritance of powers in infinity. Never was my mind more comprehensive or penetrating than at this moment. I have retraced my whole life

from my boyhood to the present hour. My course has been much about the same mixture of virtue and vice, of wisdom and folly, of exaltation and meanness, as that which is common to all of us. I die in the confidence of a joyful futurity, for I read my God as I have always read him;—through the goodness and immensity of his works. Nor does any presuming system cloud my intellect, or terrify my nerves by apprehensions of futurity. I fear no punishments infinite in degree or in duration, for offences finite in all respects, and the result of dispositions for which as I made not, nor educated myself, I cannot be responsible. Let unsophisticated sense look solely through nature up to nature's God; and life is relieved from a thousand stimulants to petty inhumanities and negative crimes, whilst the bed of death is rendered calm, and divested of all its terrors. I have been thinking more deeply than I ever thought, of the truths,—the important truths which metaphysics open to our understandings: the sublimity of the science, in connection with the comprehensive view which the mind can rapidly take of the other sciences, convinces me of all that is necessary

for man to know, that there is a God and a futurity for mankind; in these I trust. I see, with a prophetic glance, into the conditions of humanity some centuries hence, when man, throwing off the shackles of superstition and prejudice of every sort, shall perfect his nature; political, religious and moral corruption shall fly before the light of reason; sciences will be penetrated to their source; philosophy will be unveiled to her most hidden principles, and arts will flourish in their utmost perfection. All will be happiness and peace on earth. My hour is now come. My spirit is departing to its God; my creator. Oh, my God! my soul is entering thy awful presence. Here, Mandeville, feel this heart, it has ever beat true to honour and humanity; press it firmer to my bosom, its pulsations grow more feeble.'

"I pressed firmer to his noble breast; he had breathed his last, and almost breathless myself, I continued my hand long in its position, gazing on this wreck of all that was great and magnanimous.

"Day broke, and found me still in the same position, and by the dawning light I once more surveyed the noble features of the

departed hero. Yester morn, he was walking calmly amidst the destruction of the cannon, surveying every wreck and accident, and directing the prompt and efficacious remedy; or his eyes were flashing fire at his terrified foes, whilst his mighty arm was arresting the progress of defeat, and hurling it back again on the enemy; now a huge and inanimate corpse, the mere wreck and type of majesty and prowess alone remained to remind us of what he had been.

" A terrific scream from the deck recalled me to other contemplations. I left the body, and rushed to the quarter deck, where I beheld the drenched and exhausted crew, standing mute with terror at impending destruction.

" The French Commodore's eighty gun ship had been dismasted by the gale. All the prisoners to the amount of 1500 men, and about 1300 wounded were crowded into her. By dint of these numbers she had kept herself afloat by the pumps. She was ungovernable, having neither mast nor rudder, and the waves were dashing her against ourselves, who were equally incapable of management. The immediate sinking of both

vessels was inevitable from the contact, and all were instantly expecting the catastrophe. When the Frenchman, by a mighty billow, was driven under our stern, merely tearing away a part of our quarter, and her own cut water. She was sinking fast, and I beheld with dismay the spectacle she presented. The Count de Vendome standing with arms folded, indifferently waiting his fate; some lying on the deck, stupified by liquor; others fighting with knives, or with their teeth and nails, for they knew not what; many on their knees with uplifted hands; others raving about the deck in wild despair; many rendered fatuous by their danger, were gibbering and playing antic tricks, whilst hundreds were stretching their eyes and arms out to us for help, who, alas! needed it as much as themselves? A terrific wave struck the Frenchman; the ship reeled, and her sides yawned; shouts of terror broke through the noise of the elements; a wave more dreadful than the first struck the ship; a second and a third followed in rapid succession, and struggling bodies dashed by the waves was all we ever more beheld of this ill-fated vessel.

"Alas! this was read by us as the sad, sad prelude of our own approaching ruin; and so absorbed were we in our own miseries and danger, that the dreadful scene before us was viewed without exciting any feelings of commiseration, or producing any exertion to save a single fellow-creature.

"I returned to the cabin, and resumed my place by the body of my departed friend; and my mind reflected on his sad predictions of my fate, now so likely to be verified. I thought of life, of all its maze of hopes and fears, of desires and antipathies, of its maze of schemes and jostlings. How vain now all appeared to me. Food I had none; for all fire was of course outed by the sea so constantly sweeping over the vessel. The men and officers were eating the raw salt meat, and drinking undiluted spirits. Exhausted as I was, my stomach refused such aliment. I had been sitting many hours wet to my skin; and nature, overcome, had refreshed herself by a sort of doze or stupor. I was aroused by the shouts of 'Land, land;' and, running on deck, I discovered we were driving rapidly on a lee shore.

"The men became ungovernable and des-

perate. The two lieutenants of the ship had long ceased to possess any authority over them; and I alone had kept them in subordination by the influence of Captain Vallerton's name—a name they both loved and feared; but this talisman now failed, and all discipline and obedience were at an end. The crew broke open the liquor chests, and drank to an incredible excess. The drafts affected only the head, and had no other effect than that of producing raving madness. Several seamen threw themselves into the sea, and were instantly washed from our sight; others lay on the deck, butchering each other with knives in the most wanton manner. Some appeared silly; and putting up a log or barrel, agreed to call it by some other name, and fight for its possession; which they immediately did in a manner that proved fatal to all the parties, the whole of them laughing with inanity at the wounds they both gave and received.

"I used the utmost exertions to stop these extravagances; for though they led but to a short anticipation of the death that awaited us, they were yet dreadful to behold; but my exertions were in vain.

"At length a dozen of these unhappy maniacs rushed aft on the quarter-deck, declaring they would murder all the officers, except myself; for they still possessed a sort of indistinct respect for me, as the friend of their late captain. I sternly bade them retire; but brandishing their knives and sabres, they rushed upon the two lieutenants, and the three youths of midshipmen, who all seemed too indifferent to their fate to offer any resistance. I shot the foremost of the band through the head; and the second, pressing on me, shared the same fate. The whole crew ran to the assistance of their comrades, and all joined in the assault. I cut three successively down as they attacked me; and the officers of the ship assuming resolution at the success of my resistance, came to my help, and our assailants fled from the assault.

"I now assumed command, and terrified the crew by my manner; for I declared my resolution of pistoling the first man who presumed to break open another cask or chest of liquor. It is strange that any threat of death should have an influence over men whose fate, by other means, was so near a conclusion. However, such was the influence of early as-

sociation over the mind, that even under these circumstances resolution and authority had their ordinary weight.

"But these disorders had now reduced our crew to fourteen men; and these, with the officers and myself, made up twenty-one souls on board, except the unfortunate creatures in the cock-pit, most of whom were now dead of their wounds, and the circumstances under which they were placed.

"We had approached the dreaded shore, and the land being high, it appeared as if we were so close that a stone might be cast upon the rocks; but to seamen who knew the deceptive appearance which the land makes under such circumstances, it was evident that the ship was about three leagues off.

"A long ridge of breakers stretched from the shore, right a-head of the ship; and the sea was foaming over them in terrific impetuosity. Night was approaching; and it was thought by every body that the ship would be driven on this ledge, and be dashed to pieces, at a distance too great from the main land to hope to gain it by any means. It was therefore resolved to put to the boat, and to be driven on the beach now to leeward of us, and

which appeared sandy, and free from any rocks, or even from a greater surf than the gale necessarily created. The boat was launched, and provisions put into her; and I was most earnestly entreated to trust my safety with the rest; but I positively refused my consent, and pleading the advice and opinions of our late captain, I endeavoured to dissuade the whole party from the expedient, and urged their continuing in the ship. But all my advice was unavailing: the beach to leeward seemed a haven of rest to the despairing crew, while the breakers a-head were, they thought, inevitable destruction. I adhered to my resolution of remaining in the vessel, although I could not get a single person to adopt my views.

"I stood on the gangway to see my companions enter this frail boat, which was so soon to bear them to safety or to destruction. Each shook hands with me as he prepared to depart; and each accompanied his grasp with a 'God bless you, and you had better come with us.' The boat was so tossed by the fury of the waves that it was no easy matter to get into her: one moment she was on the top of a wave infinitely higher than the ship; soon

again she was sunk lower than we could behold. Three persons, in attempting to enter her, lost their hold, and sunk into the sea to perish: one of these was the unfortunate surgeon of the vessel. At length the boat pushed off with all in her, and I stood watching them from the gangway. I could perceive a struggle in her for command; and by all I saw and could hear, it appeared to me that Lieutenant Littledales, who to the last was inflated with an idea of his consequence and rank, even in this moment when misery and danger levelled all distinction, insisted upon commanding and steering the boat, whilst Lieutenant Snapper, conscious that the least error of management would be fatal, and knowing his superior officer's utter incapacity and ignorance of his profession, resolved to possess himself of the rudder. Mr. Littledales refused yielding this token of superiority: a struggle ensued; all were involved in one common ruin; the boat was upset, and every soul perished under my view, without my being able to afford them the least assistance.

"Now was I truly miserable. I had been three nights and days without rest, and in the most strenuous exertions of body and of mind.

During this time I had tasted food but twice. I had been wet through by incessant washings of the sea; and I now looked around me with the consciousness that, except some maimed and dying wretches in the cock-pit, I was the only human being left alive in the vessel.

" I stood on the quarter-deck, leaning against the side of the ship; and although sincerely and unfeignedly wishing for death, yet, so inconsistent are we on this point, that whenever a sea washed over me, I instinctively grasped some rope or ring-bolt to preserve myself from being carried away into the sea.

" At length the ship approached the rocks and breakers, the fear of which had induced my late unfortunate companions to trust their lives to the boat. Although their approach threatened my destruction, yet I could not view them without the emotions which sublime objects create in us when we are calm and disengaged from other thoughts which might lessen the impression. Huge and stupendous masses of black rocks reared their awful fronts, as if in defiance of the mighty waves which roared around them, and which had swept every thing else to instant destruction. Here

the waves dashed against these giant mounds, and, resisted in their course, foamed around them with an astounding din, throwing their mist to an enormous height and distance.

"The ship was driving against the lowest mass of these; but at the instant that I expected her bows to be crushed to pieces by the concussion, a wave, striking her broadside, carried her to leeward of the danger, the rock only grating against her bottom. She was now driven, amidst the roaring of these billows, between two prodigiously high rocks, that to windward of us, hung over the ship in such a projecting mass as to cover or prevent any view of the skies. The vessel was propelled like an arrow through a bow; and, as the moon now shone with brightness, what was my surprise, on passing this danger, to find that the whole reef was cleared, and that the vessel was now passing a bay formed by this projecting reef on one side, and by a high promontory on the opposite point.

"This bay was about ten miles across, and it was about ten miles from either of its extreme points or corners to the centre of its concavity. The sea was rushing into it with redoubled violence; and indeed the hurricane

appeared, if possible, more overwhelming now than it had been from its commencement.

"The ship was driving rapidly into the bay, and I neither dreaded nor tried to avert the consequences, for I was in a state of apathy, bordering on stupor. I stood gazing on the mountainous heights of white rocks which rose precipitously, and formed the sides of this vast basin; the moon shining with the utmost brilliancy upon their surface, its rays sometimes reflected by their marble sides, but this glare often relieved by the shades of immense caverns and projections.

"The ship had been driving close to the shore, and myself silently and intensely gazing on the scene, when my attention was startled by the sea breaking, in dreadful war, against a rock of vast height, which projected from the bottom, and very centre of the concavity of the bay. I instinctively threw myself down on my face, catching hold of a ring-bolt in the deck, to prevent myself being washed away. The bow came in contact with the rock, which would have dashed the vessel to pieces, but a furious wave striking her under the quarter, gave her a direction lateral to that she was first taking. This last wave had

swung her bow to the sea, and consequently her stern to the shore. A second sea striking her under the bow, drove her stern on to the shore, where she bedded in the sand, canting a little over on one side, being propped up by the rock which originally impeded our progress.

"In this position the waves beat over the decks with irresistible force, and as the hatches were not battened down, the ship was soon full of water. It was impossible therefore to go below, and equally impossible was it to keep your footing on the deck. I therefore continued prostrate, and as my strength so far failed me that I could no longer hold the ring-bolt with sufficient strength to prevent myself being washed away by the torrents of water that so repeatedly swept over me, I got my arm within the ring of the strongest bolt, and lashed my wrist, to it with some rope which by chance lay by me.

"Nature was no longer able to support me under the struggle, and I gradually fell into a state of fatuous indifference to the passing scene. I was conscious of all that was happening around me, and yet I felt even a pleasurable drowsy insensibility both to consequences and to present evil; from this I fell

off to a state if not of sleep, at least of torpor. How long I continued thus, I know not, but when I awoke the wind and waves had entirely subsided, and the sun was shining on me with the insupportable heat of a tropical meridian. The ship was out of the water, lifted high on the rock, which formed a sort of cradle for her. The waves had swept every fibre of wreck from the decks, and by their repeated beating over their surface, had washed from them all the stains of blood which we had in vain endeavoured to efface.

"Never shall I forget my sensations upon wakening from this state of trance. My limbs were stiff, and aching to agony. A burning heat and heaviness was over my brain, my eyelids weighed down, and my eyes ready to burst from their sockets, my tongue like an inflexible and burning piece of metal, was swollen to a size to prevent almost the passage of air into the lungs, and my throat parched, so that every attempt to respire pricked me like needle points.

"I lay, groaning, in this state for some hours, when I vomited forth a quantity of black and putrid matter, and afterwards fell into a slumber, from which I awoke with my

symptoms greatly relieved. I contrived to unlash my wrist, which was fastened to the ring-bolt, on the deck, and I crawled on my hands and knees to the large water-cask, which is always fixed, for a cistern, before the main-mast, in men-of-war. From this I took repeated and copious draughts, and if ever man felt a heaven upon earth, I surely felt it in making these libations. They relieved me considerably. The heat upon my brain had subsided, I was able to open my eyes, and to crawl about on my hands and knees.

"It was evident that by sleeping wet to my skin, in the alternate night-air, and under the blaze of the sun, I had had a fit of the yellow-fever, accompanied by what is called a coup de soleil. From such attacks few, I believe, ever recover in these warm climates, but I had that in my favour which is the best of all physicians, abstinence. Perhaps drugs would have been to me as fatal as food under my disorder; certain it is that the disease found me free from food, nor could I, for many days after, obtain any sustenance but water.

"The sun was setting, and as I knew the extreme danger of sleeping in the night-air, or in the dews of the evening, I exerted my-

self to crawl below. I had an instinctive horror of entering the cabin, where lay, perhaps, the worm-eaten remains of my departed friend. I contrived, therefore, to get to the ward-room, where I threw myself, or rather rolled upon some bedding which lay upon the deck, having been washed, by the sea, from the officer's cot, which once contained it. On this I slept soundly the whole of the night, and awoke with the sun, refreshed, and relieved from every symptom of my disease, except weakness. I found I had the most ravenous desire for food, and by dint of my utmost exertions I contrived to obtain some biscuits, which, although injured by the salt-water, I enjoyed exceedingly.

"I either lay or sat, all the day, on my mattress, eating these biscuits and drinking water, and thinking, with a sort of confused weakness of intellect, of the circumstances under which I was placed.

"By the third day I had acquired considerable strength of body, and with it returned at least the dawnings of my powers of mind. Absurd as it may appear, that a man so circumstanced as I was, should have either hope or desire, yet such a machine is man, that as soon

as food and rest had renovated the body, joy, hope, desire, and all their train of emotions, sprung spontaneously in the mind. I longed to be doing something, what to do, or for what object to strive, I knew not, but still I had an unconquerable desire to exert myself.

"I entered the cabin with silent awe, expecting to see worse than the skeleton of my former friend. I approached the cot, trembling, and prepared to be disgusted and struck with horror, at the spectacle of a body in fermentation, and with the worms and reptiles which feed on dead men's flesh. I looked into the cot, ready to turn my head aside at the first glance of the object which I at once sought and dreaded to see. But neither body nor aught but the empty cot remained. The waves, in rushing through the cabin, had swept the carcass and the bedding out of the cabin windows. The window-frames, the furniture, and every thing that was not very strongly lashed to the decks or solid sides, had been swept away.

"I descended to the ward-room, once more, and on surveying it, found every thing a like scene of ruin. The pannels of the bulk-heads were split into fragments. I walked fore and

aft, and found all was silence and destruction. Here and there a solitary chest of some unfortunate seaman had withstood the torrent. All else had been carried into the merciless deep.

"I had a purpose in me which I hardly dared to peep at, and I had therefore put it off to the last. It was to visit the cock-pit. I descended with a trembling step, and with a no less trembling heart. When I got to the top of the ladder which led to this place, I stopped, and hallooed aloud. I trembled to hear my own voice. I stood listening, in breathless expectation of a response. I listened even in hopes of hearing some faint sigh of a human being who had not yet resigned the spirit. All was as silent as the grave. Alas! alas! I might have reflected, that had any poor sufferer resisted the effects of his wounds, he must have perished by the water which had overwhelmed this deck for so many hours.

"I now assumed resolution, and descended to the scene of so much torture, and what was my horror on finding that every hammock contained a human body, in the most revolting state of putrefaction. In this hot climate animal matter soon decays, and the weather

had had its full influence on this occasion. Effervescent liquids and thick gelatinous substances, with myriads of flies and worms, in active regale, presented themselves to my terrified senses. These were the remains, all the remains, of those noble and daring men, that Vallerton had led into the ranks of slaughter. My resolution rose with the urgency of the case. It was necessary to rid the vessel of such infectious matter. I got my courage to the sticking-point, and with head averted, I rapidly lashed each carcass in its hammock, and pulling them up, successively, to the lower-deck, I launched each of them, through the port-holes, into the sea. Most of them fell into the water, and were soon washed out of human sight; but about a dozen unfortunately fell upon the ledges of rocks, immediately below the ship, where they remained a loathsome spectacle, the large and ravenous birds of prey tearing the hammocks asunder, and gorging upon the green and putrid carcasses, fighting for the least morsel. The bones of these unfortunate victims, cleansed by the beaks of the birds, and whitened by the air, remained within my view, as a memorial of all I had suffered and enjoyed

in my voyage with these skeletons, once my animated associates.

"The mind of man, like his body, is very much adapted by nature to accommodate itself to all circumstances. I found myself possessed of an elasticity of mind which propelled me to exert myself, and with my exertions sprang up desires, which called forth new efforts. I was obliged to overcome my repugnance to inhabit the large cabin, for its height out of the water, and other circumstances, rendered it my only safe abode. The ship was cast so high upon this rock, with the great mass of rock intervening between her and the sea, that I dreaded neither danger nor scarcely inconvenience from any hurricane which might arise.

"My first care was to provide for the most pressing of all wants, hunger. I lighted a fire by the means of friction, and having broken open a cask of the better sort of provisions, I ate my first meal of animal food. So difficult did I find it to kindle even a few sparks, that when I once got my fire lighted, I was careful to prevent its being extinguished. I barricadoed the cabin to render it secure from all assaults; but as I could not close

the windows but with planks, which of necessity shut out both air and light, I was obliged to leave them open, and was therefore much annoyed by the huge and fierce birds of prey, which at day-break entered my cabin, and would not be repelled by any thing less than my personal assault, and that often of the most vigorous nature. In short, I found it necessary always to sleep with a naked sword and a brace of double-barrelled pistols in my cot; and on one occasion, I found these weapons even essential to my safety; for having shot a young condor, which annoyed me even at the foot of my cot, the parent bird assaulted me with a fury which showed that the feathered tribe are by no means afraid of man. I fired at this voracious animal, and each shot took effect, the one shattered his thigh close to its body, the second entered the body itself, and the third perforated the neck; but yet did this formidable creature continue its dangerous assault, and after I had cut it down with my sabre, and whilst prostrate on the deck, he continued to aim at me with his beak, and to utter the most deafening screeches. This creature measured eighteen feet from wing to wing. So alarming were

these visitants that I at length was obliged to rise every morning with the dawn, for until day-break the feathered tribe never molested my place of refuge.

"I remained in this state for three months, in the hope that some human being might cross my sight; and day and night my thoughts dwelt solely on the happiness of again associating with my species. The sharks were exceedingly numerous in this bay; but yet such was my desire to liberate myself from solitude, that I repeatedly plunged myself into the sea, and swam round the shore to the greatest distance my strength enabled me, in the hopes of discovering some chasm in the rocks, or some declivity, by which it might be possible to ascend into the country, but all was in vain. The rocks were of very great height, and rose perpendicularly from the water, the depth at the foot of the rock being generally many fathoms. There was not even a foot of beach to be seen. The bay was of the most regular shape, an exact half moon, the extremities of the horns being high promontories, with detached masses of rock gradually of less height until they became of a level with the sea, the waves roaring over them with great fury. The

ship itself was cast on shore at a place where the rocks seemed more accessible than in any other, but even here the line they formed with the level of the sea was little less than a perpendicular.

"I might have remained in this dreary solitude for the remainder of my days, without danger of any sort. The whole provisions of the ship were at my command, and in greater quantities than I could ever consume, independent of which, the fish about the rock were numerous in the extreme, for none but myself had ever yet molested them. I had no chance of wanting water, for the rain descended in such powerful torrents, that in one day I could collect sufficient to last me for years. Apparel I could never want, for there remained some dozens of the chests of the officers and seamen, who ere our action with the enemy were my companions. Captain Vallerton's stores, and massive plate were at my command, and what was of infinitely more consequence, his library was still packed in the chests into which it had been hurried on the eve of our coming into action.

"All the physical wants of my nature were amply supplied; plate in abundance might

have gratified my pride; and my appetites could have been satiated by the remainder of fine wines and luxuries, which had been designed for the tables of the officers. This silver, and these objects of sensuality, for which men in a refined state of society will traverse the globe, submit to every danger, and even sell their independence; how contemptible were they at this moment in my eyes! How contemptible is man if nothing but his physical wants are gratified.

"I became truly wretched in this state of solitude. I hallooed incessantly with my utmost force, that the numerous echoes amongst the rocks might delude me into a belief that I heard other voices than my own. This delusion, like all other delusions, was a very temporary pleasure, but a lasting pain; tantalizing and disappointing me to the most distressing degree. One small piece of cannon, a nine-pounder, had been suffered to remain on board of the Lion when the guns had been thrown over-board to lighten the ship. My delight was to load and fire this piece of ordnance, when the numerous echoes of the sound from the rocks might delude me into the fancy of a general cannonade. But I had

a much more serious object than mere fancy, in discharging this artillery. I trusted if the land above me had inhabitants, the sound would draw them to my assistance, and every time I discharged the cannon, I anxiously cast my eyes to the ridge of the rocks, with the hopes of beholding some human beings, or I directed my sight to the extremities of the bay, trusting that I should behold some canoes attracted by the sound. So often had I been disappointed, that I at length loathed the very sight of this gun, and I resigned myself to despair.

" For hours together would I pace with hurried steps the solitary decks, thinking of my parents, and of my boyish home, of Emma Belton, of Montagu, of my friend Upton. Then would I call to recollection my time on board the Britannia, with Sir John Fadladeen and his set of officers. My mind would as constantly reflect on Vallerton's daring and intrepid character, exalted by his magnanimity, and by the acquirements of his mighty mind. But soon I became tired of every subject; I even abhorred books, once my great delight; nor could my mind even as-

sume energy to create imaginary subjects of thought.

"I now fell into a state of stupidity. I dragged myself listlessly along the decks, seated myself for hours in one position, and gazed unconsciously on one single object, without its having any thing peculiar to interest or attract. For a fortnight I amused myself with walking round the decks and counting the shot holes, and fancying them arranged in a thousand different shapes. At last a feverish energy seized upon my mind, I raved about the decks, fancying myself on the summit of the rock, enjoying the country and the converse of human being. In despair I resolved to attempt to scale this terrific barrier,—the attempt was too wild and forlorn to admit of reflection, and the hour of its conception was therefore the time of its execution.

"I put a brace of double barrelled pistols in my belt, with my coat pocket full of ammunition, and a sabre by my side. I carried also a flask bottle of spirits, binding canvass round my knees to protect them from the rocks, and putting on a pair of thick gloves to

guard my hands from the sharp projecting points, I rapidly descended the sides of the vessel, and struggling over the breakers, I came to the foot of the rock. A moment's reflection, and my attempt would have been given up. Without pausing an instant I began rapidly to ascend, sometimes in a direct line, sometimes laterally; the smallest crevice for my feet, or the slightest knob for my grasp was sufficient. I was so rápid that not a moment did my body rest on one support, or I must have been dashed to pieces; for often did my spring from a slight projecting point detach that projection from its place, and hurl it into the depth below. My exertion was beyond belief, not once had I lost my balance, and my rapidity had saved me by quickly springing from points that could not have supported me more than a second. Soon my strength was gone; my breathing thick; I had not reached even the middle of the eminence. My brain swam around; my arms became more feeble; I was giving up the struggle; a small landing-place, or ledge, appeared to my left and above me; hope gave me strength; I struggled through a few more efforts; and

breathless I fell prostrate on this narrow shelf of the rocks.

"Here I remained for an hour, when casting my eyes around, how terrific was my situation. I was about 1500 feet above the sea; as great a height of rock yet remained to ascend. I was resting on a ledge of not three feet wide, nor above seven feet long. I seemed suspended midway between heaven and the ocean; I shrunk within myself from the edge of the rock, and yet I was less than one foot from that edge. At another time the very thoughts of my situation would have made me dizzy; now I lay viewing the ocean beating beneath me, with the certainty that one false step would dash me to atoms.

"I continued in this dreadful state for many hours, irresolute and in horror. To descend was impossible; to attain the summit was hopeless; the line of rock from where I stood, to the ridge was almost perpendicular, and except the numerous holes where the birds had built their nests, it appeared without fissure, or any irregularity of surface sufficient to give me a firm grasp or safe footing.

"I lay a long time supinely and stupified

by terror and despair. I renovated my strength by the draught of liquor contained in my case-bottle; but the time arrived when it was absolutely necessary to do something. My strength was now recovered by rest and refreshment; but my food was exhausted, and my strength would necessarily fail and become less at every increase of delay. To lie there and perish by hunger, was by no means preferable to being dashed instantly to pieces and my miseries at once brought to a termination. With this thought I was inspired to attempt the further ascent, and rising from my prostrate position I sprung boldly at a cavity a few feet above me, and catching a firm grasp I began my awful task. I moved rapidly from point to point, often springing an incredible distance; every effort brought the summit nearer to my view and inspired me with hope; hope renovated my expiring strength. I had reached within a few yards of the top; but here I was stopped by the projecting ridge of the summit which beetled over its base; I hung suspended by my arms; my knees trembled beneath me; my heart beat with wonderful quickness; my whole body seemed dissolving into cold perspiration; I screeched

most piteously with terror; nature made her last effort. I stretched forward to a hold which a fissure afforded me; I repeated my effort; and springing with supernatural strength, the middle of my body rested on the edge of the very summit; with my arms I raised my knees, and then my feet above the edge; I staggered forward, and the projection I had been resting on, by my effort to spring from it, was hurled from its place, and rolled like thunder into the deep. I was on firm earth; but nature in me was overcome; a confused vision of flying savages flitted before my eyes; I reeled forward, and fell senseless on my face. When I awoke, and found myself safe, and the joyous landscape around me, I fell on my knees and with fervour adored the God of my deliverance."

END OF PART I.

THE

CREOLE;

OR, THE

NEGRO SUICIDE.

I HAVE often thought, that in every question relating to the policy of human conduct, or which involved the expediency of practical measures, in the number of such questions at least which have been able to excite debate and to maintain controversy, the conclusion has been protracted, or the dispute rendered interminable by one single error committed by the belligerent parties. The one party considers only those points which are in their nature likely to prove advantageous and beneficial, and which their interests, or perhaps the zeal that is generated by controversy and opposition, induces them to magnify beyond all reasonable bounds; the other side, on the contrary, from similar motives, or perhaps

from the mere contexture of their minds, can never contemplate any but those causes and probable effects which are likely to prove mischievous, or to be productive of disaster.

Would these angry disputants but reflect, that no question relating to human life is composed entirely of good or of evil; that every thing in the moral, as well as in the physical world, is a mixture of what is advantageous with what is effective of injury, would they but reflect on this necessary truth, they would abandon their partial views, and come to an early adjustment, conscious that the part of wisdom is not only to set opposite truths in hostile array, but to form a nice and accurate balance between them, and to measure with exactness the slightest vibrations of the scale.

These observations have frequently been impressed on my mind with extraordinary force, by considering the question of the slave-trade, and the mode in which it has been argued. The abolitionists have urged nothing but the beauties of freedom and the blessings of diffused humanity; they have referred their case to the standard of abstract right, and have appealed to benevolent feel-

ings and moral sensibilities. The colonists, on the contrary, have argued that the black population is brutalized (not by their masters) to a degree incapable of enjoying liberty, and that they do not deserve more humanity than their owners may be pleased to bestow upon them; they have referred their case to the standard of their merchants' books, where the price of each negro is accurately set down in the columns of pounds, shillings, and pence; and where the per contra is to be made up by sugar, coffee, and pimento; they have appealed to our propensity for sweet things, and their own strong objections to run the risk of being knocked on the head by the blacks, who, on regaining their liberty, might perchance be strongly disposed to pay off old scores, and balance their accounts with their masters. For our colonists argue, that the blacks are exceedingly well off, that they are much attached to their owners, and are so fond of slavery that they will not accept of their freedom when it is offered to them; their masters are therefore so humane and generous, that they would by no means wish to deprive their negroes of their fondness for slavery, nor to force upon them liberty and equal rights.

They have no propensity to change places with them, nor would they wish to give their slaves by comparison an opportunity of estimating these favours, and of repaying the loving kindness of their owners.

The Creoles' doctrine, that their negroes are enamoured of their condition, and not at all desirous of enjoying the free condition of their masters, is evidently the fact, for their masters have assured us of it a thousand times, and strange as such a taste may appear to us gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, it is perfectly reconcilable to physical and moral causes. The difference of colour between black and white is as great as nature can create, and why should not this vast physical difference engender as great an opposition in tastes, propensities, and sentiments: that this is a right statement of cause and effect is most evident, for we know that the gentlemen of a white skin are extremely fond of ease, of wealth, and luxury, and it therefore follows, says the Creole, that in the ratio of the difference of the colour, must the black man be fond of labour, poverty, and stripes. But it is a moral truth, that use is second nature, and that man gets attached to whatever

he may have been accustomed to from his infancy. Now, in our West India colonies, the white child, from its cradle, is accustomed to scratch, pinch, bite, and tear, the cheeks and woolly curls of its black play-fellow, and this constant habit, must of necessity, in the course of time, engender a perfect second nature, or a love in one party, to scratch, pinch, and bite, and consequently in the other party a desire to be scratched, pinched, and bitten; and we believe, that a negro would think it a most strange thing if he passed a day without the white man being so just as to gratify this taste which himself had engendered. To be sure, our habits of infancy are of course a little modified by age; thus the white lady, who has arrived at the age of about eighteen, for the juvenile exercise of pinching and scratching, substitutes the more mature and perhaps effectual mode, of boxing the ear, or cuffing with the fist; but if she is of the very highest class in the island, she substitutes a deputy for this office, her slaves being taught that excellent law maxim of, qui facit per alium, facit per se. On the same principle, does the white boy, when he grows to the age of maturity, leave off the less

manly use of his dentals and digitals, for which as a substitute he daily exercises upon his faithful and slavery loving negroes his double fist, the toe of his shoe, a rattan, a cow-skin, a horse-whip, 'cum paucis aliis, quæ lectio justa docebit.' But if the gentleman can possibly afford it, such is his loving kindness and patriarchal attachment to his gang of negroes, that to gratify their early propensities, he puts himself to the enormous expense of hiring some Scotch or Irish vagrant of uncontrolled passions, whom he forthwith calls a driver, and vesting such a gentleman with full powers, and supplying him with a cat o' nine tales, he directs him to use that instrument most liberally upon the skins of the male and female negroes, a commission which he generally executes with great industry, and further does this said driver condescend to debauch all the wives and daughters of the gang entrusted to his charge; from all which I assert, that it follows as true as the sun does follow day, 'that the negro is enamoured of his condition, contemning freedom, and all the different luxuries which he sees the white man is so silly as to enjoy, andwhich the generous white man says, he sometimes offers

to his blacks, receiving the mortification of a downright refusal.'

But reverting to our logic, and leaving out the colonists, and considering the question of emancipation only as the property of those European politicians who have no interests in the trade; if, as I have observed, the two parties would give up their views of the partial and isolated cases which they respectively maintain; if they would consider patiently all the benefits to humanity which must arise from abolishing that great excitement which slavery has ever afforded to our worst passions; if, on the contrary, they would likewise investigate the violence, the excesses and incalculable mischief which would arise both to blacks and whites by an incautious and too sudden an alteration in so horrid an institution, they would come to this unavoidable determination, that slavery is to be abolished, and abolished with the utmost degree of rapidity which *is consistent with the prevention of violence, and the security of property.*

I have considered the case as one in the decision of which the negro proprietor is to have no concern, because he is too interested

in the measure to be impartial. He must of necessity be almost the only source of all the evidence we can procure of facts to form the data of our arguments, but even evidence ought to be received with the greatest caution, where the witnesses are so deeply concerned in what they relate, that all they testify must of necessity be corrupted by passions and by certain little prejudices, which I must hereafter beg permission of my reader to expose for his gratification.

This last paragraph contains the opinions of many grave lawyers and learned logicians; but as to me, I am one of those tall, thin, and sallow looking gentlemen, who are known to possess a sovereign contempt for influence and power, and who are described by our best political writers, to possess a sort of instinctive or constitutional disposition to disturb authority in the enjoyment of those high privileges and exclusive rights, which, although founded in reason and established in the immutable laws of nature, are some how or other worth little or nothing at all if they are pried into, meddled with, or disturbed by the prophane vulgar. Perhaps it is with people of my class, that they have none of that abdominal great-

ness which constitutes the beauty of the human form, both male and female, and which affords ample space for the bad and restive passions to range about the viscera, where nature affords them such ample accommodation of snug corners and smooth serpentine paths for peristaltic gambols, that they generally are pretty well contented with their situation; and the whole man becomes composed, sedentary, and easy, until the said restive passions at length begin to increase their habitations to a size which quite oversteps the modesty of nature, and which creates in the personage an affectionate attachment to couches, arm-chairs, and feather-beds, with a fondness for that quiet order of things which contributes greatly to those charms that spring from a happy equilibrium between sleeping and waking, and which, I think, either Hippocrates or Celsus, has beautifully designated by the monosyllable, to dose. Sometimes these bad and restive passions are insensible to all the blessings of their abdominal accommodation, and like ungrateful tenants, they begin in such cases to influence the viscera now and then in the mode of certain turbulent and uneasy sensations, which at length the constitution indignantly

gets rid of, by writ of ejectment; whether, I say, that my bed and restive passions, being destitute of such proper and spacious accommodation, are driven from the hypogastric and gastric regions into the lofty and aerial chambers of the brain, which may, for aught I know, be very badly adapted to their reception and comfort; whether, in this uneasy situation, their acrimonious propensities be increased for want of proper elbow-room and a hospitable welcome, and that they begin to use the eyes and ears as handy instruments for taking cognizance of matters which they have no business to meddle with; whether this theory, or the greater part of it be established in sound philosophy and rational metaphysics, it is beyond my powers to ascertain. But this I know, that nature has sadly deprived me of my just and legal proportion of corporeal magnitude, and that I have all my life had the strongest propensity to find fault with every thing which emanated from title or authority.

'Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o'nights;
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.'

JULIUS CÆSAR.

I have intruded my theory, and this long paragraph of egotism upon my readers, by way of explanation or apology for the presumptuous disposition I am going to evince. Had I not with such skill introduced this prefatory passage of palliation, and had I not so artfully introduced it at precisely the right time, and in exactly the proper place, the reader might have been offended at my declaring, that I care not the value of a cocoa nut for all the grave lawyers and learned logicians in Europe, but that I am both willing and ready to argue with them the point, whether the negro owner ought to be a party concerned in the weighty consideration of baptizing, teaching, and liberating the blacks; and whereas they maintain that the poor Creole cattle owner ought not to decide and vote, or hardly to give evidence whether his own black cattle should be entirely at his disposal in life and limb, or under the care of impertinent legislators and philanthropists, now, in full defiance to their authority I maintain, that nobody but the said negro proprietor ought in the nature of things, to have any thing to do with such a learned and important question; a question solely concerning his own field stock which he has

honestly bought, and for which he has *perhaps* paid.

I must, before entering upon such a knotty argument with the learned logicians of the abolitionist party, clear up two points which cloud and obscure the subject most materially. I am anxious not to forego this advantage, because my opponents have sufficient learning, principle, and worth, to throw an undue weight into their side of the balance. And first, it must be clearly observed, that the West India proprietor has no sort of objection to your baptizing his negroes, provided such baptism be performed at a very early period of infancy, and that it be not followed by instruction of any sort: he would prefer that the act of baptism be performed in secret, and the negro parent never know any thing about the matter; it must be undrstood that the planters have little objection to baptism in itself, for very few know the meaning of the word, or trouble their heads about such subjects; they hate it as applied to the blacks, only because they have some confused and indistinct notion that baptism is meant to benefit the slave in this life, and to be a passport for his soul to heaven, a place to which they na-

turally consider the black to have no sort of right or title, the colour of his skin evidently marking him out for the opposite region. Their chief antipathy is therefore not to baptism, their principal attention being directed to liberation. The second point to elucidate, is, that the colonists have not for many years, maintained that the negro ought to be at their disposal in life or limb. He gives up the question of life, because, whereas a slave can do no sort of labour when dead, and must therefore, if killed, be replaced by a fresh importation from Africa, which will cost probably 80*l*.— the master has little or no propensity to exercise his anger and passions on the body of his slave, to a point which might perhaps cost him so serious a sum, or to indulge his flagellating propensity to a degree, which by experience he knows will put him to the expence of plaisters, salves, and dressings, and all the remaining items of a doctor's bill. As to the point of the limb, it is very properly observed, that the colonist cares very little about the matter, for his mode of flogging is not on the limbs, but on that part of the human body which nature has for the wisest purposes placed in the division where the limbs form

their most important junction with the trunk, and in another respect this frequent flagellation has seldom been known to penetrate more than the cuticle, and that inner texture of the skin which anatomists assert to contain that very colouring matter from which the right of flagellation is derived. The practices of jagged collars, of hot sealing-wax, and of burning fingers over the lamp, have been abolished for nearly a century, and abolished by the sole humanity and delicacy of the planter; not at all influenced by that interference which the European legislators of old thought proper to exercise upon the subject. And now, having cleared my case of these two important misconceptions, before beginning the reasoning portion of my labours, it might be as well to adopt that method which Aristotle so strongly recommends to his pupil, viz. before entering upon the weighty arguments of your case, to let your readers know what it is that you are going to argue about; for the Stagyrite, the Peripateticks, and all the logicians of the middle-ages maintain, that arguments however conclusive in their nature, or however ably stated and illustrated, can work no rational conviction on your antagonist's brain, nor even

penetrate his pericranium, unless he can discover to what point they would refer, and to what conclusion they would lead him.

And first, then, my clients, the worthy planters maintain, that both in the abstract nature of things, and according to their situation, it is necessary for those enjoyments to which they are excessively attached, and they have moreover a clear, positive, and indefeasible right, to seize or purchase black bipeds on the coast of Africa, and to carry those animals across the Atlantic in a confined, unventilated ship's hold, and afterwards to make them productive of that excellent matter, without which our pies and puddings would be absolutely intolerable.

And now, before going into the very depth of my arguments, I must, like a skilful tactician, conciliate the good opinion, and engage the affections of my readers in favour of my clients, by pointing out, that frequently the generosity of the slave owner is exceedingly great, and he carries on his trade on the most disinterested principles imaginable; for if he cannot induce the simple negroes to put themselves under his protection, by those devices, and by that

political science, which man in civilized life has brought to such exquisite perfection, he induces their Prince to kidnap some of his subjects, or to war with a neighbouring sovereign, in which case, the trader honestly purchases all the captives, and for whom he pays the fair stipulated price of yellow cloth, blue and red beads, glass bottles, and pretty bells, which afterwards jingle on the head of the African potentate, to the joy and admiration of his loyal and loving subjects, who have not yet had diffused amongst them any of that sort of radical knowledge which leads a man to suspect, that there can possibly be any thing wrong in the system which all countries designate by the 'present order of things.' After our trader has thus fairly embarked his capital in his stock, he finds that during the voyage, one tenth of his cargo will die of thirst, another tenth will perish with hunger, a tenth will die of stench, a tenth of suffocation, and a tenth will generally prove of such obstinate and insensible dispositions, that they will pine and die of affliction at being torn from their parents, children, and native fields; will actually be so stupid as to die of grief just

when the voyage is drawing to a close, and hope with all its attendant joys is opening to their view.

After the trader has thus generously borne the loss of half his property, the remainder of the stock, is turned out to wholesome labour in the fields, where they have the luxury of early rising and the enjoyment of late rest, nor is their health exposed to any of the numerous evils which philosophers assert to spring from over-eating, from rich food, or from stimulating drink, or from want of exercise and from indulgence in soft and warm beds. On the contrary, these newly imported woolly-headed bipeds are kept in that state which insures them an enjoyment of all those blessings which the sublime philosophy of the Stoics consider so invaluable. They work from day-break to sun-set, which ensures them a free and ready use of their limbs. They labour under a tropical sun, for which they scorn the meaner warmth of clothing. Their lassitude is relieved by the frequent application of the lash, which gives them the opportunity of evincing their fortitude. Their food is a yamb, some rice, and a herring or two per diem; which keeps their intellect

unclouded by any exhalations from the stomach, and secures them from gout, plethora, &c. They are relieved from all anxiety about the chastity of their wives and daughters, a point which, it is said, occasions so many quarrels amongst them in Africa, for their masters generally put such questions for them out of all matter of doubt; and finally, these blacks, if they find their lives unhappy, unless they are most restless and impatient, cannot be strongly tempted to the commission of suicide, as their course of life generally secures them from all the evils of old age.

Whether all this be right or wrong, I cannot take upon myself to determine, but having cleared away the impediments, I must now enter upon my simple case which, reader, in case this long digression has driven it from your irretentive memory, I will remind you is simply this,—whether the Creole or the Englishman ought to decide the matter of abolition or not.

To ascertain this point, I must beg thee, gentle reader, to reflect, that in every perception there must necessarily be two things to consider;—the one, for the sake of pre-

cision, logicians have consented to call the subject or the object, and the other I see no great impropriety in calling by the name of the percipient. Now people in general are apt, in considering all arguments, to give their sole attention to the first of these things, or the object; whereas, I have, by a long experience, convinced myself that the whole or nearly the whole of our attention, should be given to the percipient. For I have found, that one and the same subject will make the impression of large or small, round or square, black or white, according to the passions or interests of him on whom the impression is to be made. Thus, a large, clumsy figure of wood, with red cheeks and goggle eyes, decorated with a crimson gown, with yellow and green furbelows, and a profusion of tags and lace; a wig with a profusion of curls, ringlets, powder, and pomatum, and no deficiency of beads and mock jewellery, such a figure of the Virgin in a niche of a church in France, Spain, or Germany, will be called beautiful, and will excite the piety and adoration of all the happy beholders; but should this wooden figure ever strike upon the retina, and travel up the optic nerve into the sensorium of one

whose brain has been enlightened by the purer doctrines of the Reformation, so far from calling forth the feelings of admiration and worship, it produces on him a disposition to hiccup, or titter, with many of those sensations which, of all others are found by experience, to be the most reverse and inimical to the solemn gravity of religious feelings. Nay, if the beholder should be a testy, morose, old gentlemen, or a person at all inclined to scepticism, the very first glimpse of this Catholic figure, will induce him to utter an emphatical Pshaw, which is often succeeded by a string of hard names, highly improper to apply to any pious subject, and which my reader may discover by his own shrewdness, for I am determined not to gratify his curiosity.

By the foregoing remark, and by its excellent illustration, I mean to prove, that in all judgments we should take especial care that the person who is to decide the question, that is the percipient, or he who is to perceive, should have no interest or passion concerned with the object to be perceived, and if I make it appear, that the white gentlemen of England who concern themselves so much

about the blacks, are strongly interested in their condition, and that the Creole slave-owner has no interest whatever in the matter, I think the sound logician must allow that I have established my assertion, that the points in dispute ought to be left entirely to the slave-owner.

Mr. Wilberforce, and his fraternity of abolitionists, have often been accused, and indeed they have confessed, that they consider these sable people to be human beings, or to use the expression of the vulgar, that they are of their own flesh and blood; now we all know by experience, that they are literally, and bonâ fide, the flesh and blood of their masters, and if any negro doubt the fact, perhaps he may find it no difficult matter to remember some occasion or other when his master or mistress might have thought proper, through the medium of a driver and with the instrument of a whip or cow-skin, to take those liberties with his flesh and blood which would at once give the most convincing proof of the right of proprietorship.

Although these creatures cannot therefore be said to be of the flesh and blood of the abolitionists, in any other than a metaphorical

sense, yet do these abolitionists stoutly maintain that the negroes are human beings; they even assert that they have feelings, sense, and sensibility, in about the same proportion that white people would have, if they were placed in the same awkward predicament, without instruction and with plenty of cuffs; they go so far as to confess that they sympathize for their sufferings, that they pity them, nay, some of these gentlemen have even had the effrontery to make use of the terms 'black brethren.' From this it is clearly established, that the European abolitionists or legislators are too closely connected in feeling with the slave, to be admitted to legislate or to interfere with the subject at all.

Now those planters and slave-owners who constitute the wise and excellent legislative assemblies of our colonies, are perfectly free from any such prejudices in favour of the slaves. So far from it, they maintain that the black is not a human being, but the link which joins the human being to his next in degree, commonly called the Ourang-outang. That the said black is depraved in moral feeling and destitute of intellect; that in order to accommodate those whites who can-

not read, Providence, instead of writing the words, depraved, stupid, and slave, on their respective foreheads or on their breast-bones, has answered all the purposes at once, by simply making their skins of a dark colour, which is only a comprehensive manner of letting us know that they were intended for our use as cattle. In short, the planter maintains, that the negro is a mere black biped, an animal created by God for the express purpose of working sugar and coffee plantations.

Are not then the colonial legislators, so far from having any thing in common with their slaves, are they not so thoroughly removed from any feeling, sympathy, or concern for them, that they must form the most impartial judges of how many stripes may be dealt for offences; how long the sores of the first flogging shall be allowed to heal before the second flagellation is applied; how large a fine a master should pay for killing his slave in a fit of passion, or of resentment; in short, are they not the very persons to whom the sole legislation, relative to the blacks, ought to be intrusted.

If this book should fall into the hands

of what are called the abolitionists, or be read by any gentlemen of the House of Commons, and who can doubt but it will find its way there, I trust that it will afford them a convincing proof of the impertinence of their interfering on the subject of slavery, when nature seems to have been at infinite care to form a distinct class of beings called planters, removed so far from all feeling for the slave, that they must reach the very standard of fairness and impartial management.

That these colonial legislators have faithfully executed this grand task, for which nature has so admirably adapted them, appears evident from the happy state of contentment which, they assert, is observable throughout every negro gang. That this state of contentment and satisfaction is both likely and natural, there can be no doubt, for we have already observed, that the industrious slave toils under the burning sun from day-break to twilight, and as soon as the earth yields the harvest of his labours, he has the happipiness to see the produce of his industry all disposed of for the exclusive comforts of his master. He has the happiness to see, that by the sweat of his brow, his mistress is sup-

plied with an ample quantity of kid shoes, and silk stockings, and white kid gloves, whilst he is content to go barefooted; that the lady is richly dressed in satin bodies and muslin skirts, whilst he is rewarded by a pair of Osnaburgh trowsers, or a piece of linen to wrap round his loins; that his master and mistress feast every day off rich dishes and luxurious wines, whilst he is furnished with his wholesome yam, with his red-herring, and with a most liberal supply of cold water, which wonderfully allays the thirst in those burning regions, where the white man cannot exert himself for a quarter of an hour's ride without finding it absolutely necessary to resort to the tonic of some good old rum. Now from all this, it follows, as clearly as that day follows night, or night follows day, no matter which, for philosophy has not settled the point, that there must be a very considerable degree of happiness and contentment between the blacks and the whites; but on which side this happiness and contentment exist I have never been able satisfactorily to ascertain; all I know of the matter is, that I have generally had occasion to observe, that the rich planter's lady, is usually of a sleek

appearance and inclined about middle life to grow unwieldy and corpulent. They have the strongest antipathy to locomotion, and they invariably may be classed with that body of persons who are called loyal people, strongly attached to the government and constitution, and who see nothing to find fault with in existing establishments and the present order of things. If the negro race are not equally satisfied with every thing about them, it must be attributed to that sulky disposition, and want of sensibility of which their masters so liberally accuse them.

That the negroes are really in love with slavery, and are satisfied with their happy condition, is put beyond all possibility of doubt by the frequent recurrence of their refusing their freedom when it is offered to them by their generous owners. This at least is the inference which their owners draw from this astonishing fact, and that the inference is perfectly just and logical, will appear from a fair statement of the case.

A negro owner has, we will say, a withered old negro, who having, like our cart horses, been put a little too young to his labour, and having been what is called 'worked off his

legs,' becomes utterly incapable of doing any duty, at least ten years before his master calculated on his decrepitude. In this state of premature helplessness, it occurs to his master, as it must, I am sure, occur to every pious christian, that the poor old man is adapted to a residence in heaven, in an exact ratio to his unfitness for any profitable existence upon earth, and therefore the master very properly wishes him a speedy elevation to all the joys of the third heaven, or of any heaven that may be sufficiently far from the estate to rid him of such an incumbrance. But as if fortune thoroughly understood the case, and was determined to intrude her impertinent and vexatious interference, this old negro's muscles are well dried by the sun, and stand in detached projecting lines from the bone, like strings of good tough catgut, or whip cord, of a consistency to break the tooth of time, even if the tooth of time were as hard as a blacksmith's file, and as sharp as a carpenter's saw. As death in this case seems utterly afraid to commence an attack on the sinewy old African, and as the master, for very good reasons, does not think it expedient or christian like to encourage or assist the assault,

he wisely follows the example of able tacticians and wily negotiators, by trying to effect by policy what he could never hope to accomplish by force. He therefore puts on an air of great complacency, and with a tone of unfeigned benevolence he commences an affectionate address to his old and faithful servant.

It was useless to commence the dialogue by a 'how do you do, Sambo,' for the master saw but too clearly that Sambo was a very good candidate for a high place in the table of longevity which any almanack maker or collector of wonders might choose to grace his almanack or to insert in his new edition of memorabilia. So he at once addresses Sambo without any such unnecessary inquiries or useless circumlocution,—'Sambo,' says the master, 'you have been a very industrious, faithful and dutiful slave on the property for many years, and I am much attached to you for your services, and as a reward for your fidelity, and in proof of my gratitude and good will, I am resolved to bestow upon you your freedom.'

Perhaps this Sambo has been a sad unlettered fellow, and has never had any genial

soul or strong attachment to the Muses, perhaps he had never heard of these nine ladies, or had never read a verse in his life, and had consequently never heard of that beautiful apostrophe to freedom which begins, 'Oh liberty thou goddess ever bright,' or with some words not very far removed from these, or being accustomed only to black and dingy complexions, he could form no adequate idea of a bright goddess. Be this case as it may, certain it is, that his old breast does not, at this generous offer, glow with any extraordinary love of liberty, but so far from it, he instantly says to himself, 'what would freedom be to me now that I am worn down by labour and ill-treatment, and my arm is unable to procure me the sustenance of life. What would liberty have been to me at any time, in a brutal country where the free labourer of colour must excite nothing but the envy and consequently the malice of his own caste, without being admitted to the enjoyments, or relieved from the contempt and violence of the caste above him. What, says he to himself, can I do now, too feeble and too old to labour, where my own colour is too destitute to assist me, and where the unfeeling white

man has provided no asylum for the unhappy wretch whom his barbarity has reduced to helplessness. This internal dialogue with himself being ended, he turns round to his master, and prostrating himself, declares that he has such an unbounded affection for his mistress and master, and such an attachment to the gang on the estate, that he would rather continue his slave, eat his herrings, and live on his property amongst his early fellow labourers, than accept of the generous and kind offer of liberty, to rove about the island in a state of naked independence. The master is obliged to express himself highly gratified by this assurance of attachment towards himself, his lady, his herrings and his property, and in the sequel he never fails to do two things in return for this assurance of love, the first is to infer from it that all his slaves are contented and attached to their slavery, the second to give old Sambo a hearty curse every hour, and a hearty drubbing every day.

I have always had a strong propensity for every thing disorderly and irregular; and in writing I have ever indulged myself in my disposition to set down whatever came first into my head, without putting myself to the

trouble, and subjecting my mind to the abominable tyranny of turning the ideas over and over again in my brain. Many authors are known to turn their ideas over and over so often in their minds before they let them travel to the fingers' ends, and from thence to the nib of the pen, that instead of these ideas being formed, proportioned, and polished by their friction with the brain, they have been ascertained; by their writhing, tossing and turning to have actually worn the brain into holes, and the ideas coming out of these holes, quite jagged and dislocated, have proved exceedingly unpleasant to the reader, and have eventually been the means of getting the laborious author a safe retreat in a certain receptacle which was once the hospital of a very pious order of christians called the Bethlemites. This fact, which I dare say the world did not know before, is quite consonant to many theories of learned metaphysicians in Holland and in Germany, and according to the opinions of many, it has been put beyond all possibility of doubt by certain dissections, performed by eminent Dutch anatomists, who have seen the ideas in their last convulsions, bruising and knocking against the sides of

the brain even after the death of the patient. But whether these eminent Dutch anatomists, whose names I have really forgotten, on dissection, did bonâ fide, see the ideas buzzing and bouncing about the sensorium or not, is to me a matter of great doubt, for firmly believing in the modern creed, that there are *no* ideas, I surely may be allowed at least to doubt whether the said Dutchmen ever had under their visual observation, that which has no existence whatever. But to clear up this matter to my reader, and to display my profound knowledge as a metaphysician, I am inclined in this spot to give a history of ideas.

Ideas are pictures or forms of external objects impressed upon the brain. That reputed philosopher, Aristotle, taught that these were forms of objects. Thus if you see the river Thames, it is because the river Thames is continually sending off myriads of forms or figures of the said river which enter your eye, and passing through it into the brain, there constitute a model or idea of the river. Those excellent sages Democritus and Epicurus taught with great plausibility that these same forms were films, or composed of innumerable particles of matter which the river, for in-

stance was continually sending off, and you had only to conceive the very possible opinion, that the film or thorough form of a large river could enter an eye about the size of a wallnut, and run into the brain up the optic nerve; and then all the difficulties of the theory vanished. But the opinion of forms so stoutly maintained by Aristotle, gained the credence of all the philosophical unphilosophical part of mankind for about two thousand years. This doctrine of ideas was believed by Platonists, Peripatetics, the schoolmen of the middle ages, by Des Cartes, Malebranche, Gassendi, Locke, and all other superior geniuses; when that pious christian Bishop Dr. Berkeley, would make us learnedly believe not only the truth of these forms, but that there was nothing else in the world, but forms or ideas, and minds to take cognizance of those forms, and he who thought he had a finger, a toe or a nose was plaguily unphilosophical, vulgar and erroneous. Thus stood the science, when that terrible sceptical fellow, Mr. Hume, most clearly proved to us, that so far from there being only two sorts of things in the world, ideas and minds, that we had no minds at all, and there was nothing existing in the creation

but ideas. That most learned German Professor, Buckareus, wrote a ponderous and able history of ideas; and the celebrated Dr. Reid, the Professor of Glasgow, tells us he was forty years believing in and reflecting upon ideas, when he suddenly discovered that the deuce a thing like ideas or images in the brain ever had existence but in the visions and theories of philosophers; and he forthwith writes a work as large and as learned as the German's aforesaid history, and in which he proves the non-entity of those ideas of which the said Buckareus had given us so elaborate a chronological, philosophical, and historical an account. And, forsooth, by reflecting less, and attending to the dictates of common sense, all mankind have thought proper to adopt Dr. Reid's very obvious opinions; and the poor ideas are no longer allowed to have a local habitation, or hardly a name.

These physiological facts are enough to give any sensible man a strong aversion to deep or orderly thinking; and I therefore always form a good opinion of an author's understanding, if his work exhibits a freedom from arrangement, classification, and orderly distribution, which it is known can result only from that

dangerous tossing and turning of ideas (if there are such things) which, as I have before observed, often drill the brain into a mere sieve or cullender.

For these and similar reasons I have always, in my own writings, shown an utter contempt of nice divisions and of adjustments, and of an adaptation of parts. But as I am yet very much attached to consistency, in the exact ratio of my aversion to every thing like philosophical precision and scientific arrangement, is my attachment to a free and gentlemanly confusion of materials. For my part, I would have every book in matter, what the Hebrew books are in form—the beginning where the end should be, and the end should usurp the place of the beginning. As for the middle of the book, it might, for aught I care, be scattered throughout the body of the work, with that graceful negligence and elegant taste in which our modern novelists so eminently excel.

Of all things I am fond of an anachronism—a work is nothing without one, and I am determined to gratify my taste, and to evince my judgment, by inserting one in this very place. Whether my attachment to anachronisms

arises from their being the offsprings of that want of thought, which, according to the foregoing theory, constitutes the very essence of mental safety, and, consequently, of mental power; or whether my attachment arises from any inherent beauty existing in the anachronism itself; or whether my love arise because they are rejected and condemned by all sound and learned critics; I cannot at this moment determine. I am, however, strongly inclined to support the latter hypothesis; because my small waist, and my thin sallow countenance, which I have alluded to in some one or other of my preceding pages, give me as strong an inclination to be restive and refractory with the critics, as I am to be dissatisfied with parliaments, peers, kings, paper currency, and the modern currency of sabres, bayonets, and of those terrible regiments of life guards and lancers.

But, after all, I am at heart a great lover of church and state as by law established; and I only rail against them because there is a great pleasure in finding fault; and both church and state, I conceive, are strong enough to bear a little jostling. Were they really in jeopardy, I should then think it high

time to desert my friends the radicals, and to avow that it was perfectly right to put Mr. Hunt into jail, and to put the Manchester magistrate into a good church living; that it is proper to punish the impudence and stupidity of those, who having heard certain cardinals, bishops, and learned divines, repeatedly assure the world that Christianity could sustain every test, and withstand every assault, that it needed not the secular arm for its support, and that it must triumph in proportion to the quantity of sound reason applied to the investigation of its doctrines: having heard all this, having heard them exultingly invite inquiry, and not daring to doubt the sincerity of Christian prelates and divines, these simple men take them at their word, and forthwith accept their invitation, and begin to apply certain tests, to carry on certain vigorous assaults, and to make use of a little reasoning in the investigation of its pretensions; but the clerical gentlemen, who undoubtedly are the best judges of such matters, not thinking their tests of the best description, not much liking their assaults, and judging their reasoning process to be of no very sound quality, they forthwith refer the case to a

secular arbitrator, out of that delicacy which prevents a man deciding his own cause when he knows he is in the right, and must therefore of necessity decide in favour of himself. This secular arbitrator, called the attorney-general, quickly determines the merits of the dispute, and gives the most rational and convincing proofs of the truth of Christianity; for he straightway puts one set of antagonists into jail, and reduces these logicians' wives and children to beggary. The other side he confirms in all their emoluments, titles, honours, privileges, and paraphernalia. From this equitable decision of the attorney-general, I infer two things—that Christianity is supported by reason, and that it needs not the assistance of the secular power.

At heart, I am a great admirer of places, pensions, bribery, perjury, standing armies, and corruption of all sorts. In short, to sum up my opinions in one line, I am doatingly fond of our happy constitution, not as established in ancient laws, (for that is horrible) but as supported by the practice of modern statesmen and borough representatives. I must, by way of addenda to this summing up of my political opinions, (and is not an addenda an infallible proof

that an author has carefully revised his subject, and discovered certain omissions or inaccuracies?)—by way of addenda, then, I must join to this political creed an assurance that I have no sort of esteem for that half and half borough representative who merely watches the conduct of government in the House of Commons, and ascertains beyond all possibility of doubt that the minister is always doing exactly that which is the most useful to the general body of the people. I like a borough representative, who, after the fatiguing duties of the House of Commons are over, will generously go every day to the Treasury Chambers, the secretaries of state's offices, and all the departments of government, in order to watch patriotically that the places, pensions, sinecures, and good things, are fairly and impartially distributed to his friends and relations, and to those who have done, are doing, or are likely to do some *notable* service for the country. This is the sort of representative that thoroughly arrives to my standard of perfection; and happy is it for England that her senate abounds in them.

And now this happy digression into politics gives me an indescribable vigour for the

enjoyment of my anachronism. I have already taken my reader from that very beginning of slavery, where the honest merchant, obedient to the laws of property and barter, as set down by the learned Montesquieu, Blackstone, and other civilians and law writers, fairly exchanges his jingling bells and blue beads for a cargo of dirty savages; I have conducted my reader through the passage of the Dead Sea to the sugar island, and thence I have led him to the labour of the slave, who toils so willingly to purchase his mistress kid shoes and lace veils, until, the age of labour being past, the considerate master generously offers to reward the faithful servant by bestowing on him the gift of freedom. Having brought my reader thus far on his journey, it is now my intention to take him back to an argument relating to the first step in the transaction—the step which even precedes the original purchase of the negro.

It is asserted, and I have no doubt it is true, that the African, like the bull-dog, is a quarrelsome pugnacious sort of creature, who, in his own country, is constantly going to war with all his neighbours. It is further asserted, with confidence, that these wars

usually lead to the taking of prisoners on one side or the other; and that, after the luxury of the battle is over, these natural epicureans enjoy a second feast of reason, by offering up all their prisoners on the altar of some of their gods.

In this last particular, I think the modern blacks greatly excel the ancient Jews, whose sacrifices consisted of nothing but bulls and cows, and meaner animals. I have often wondered how they could ever have thought of making burnt-offerings of such trash, especially as their quarrelsome dispositions must have given them frequent opportunities of sacrificing prisoners of the Jebusites, the Hivites, the Hittites, the Philistines, and the various other surrounding nations. But reprisals, I believe, are greater modifiers of war than any thing we are acquainted with; and perhaps the old Hebrews now and then had a little fear of retaliation, especially as their strong attachment to their own faith must have rendered them peculiarly averse to be sacrificed at the shrines of the gods of any of their neighbours, whose deities were, it must be confessed, as unsightly and as little attractive as can well be imagined. It has been

said, that the Jews never took prisoners at all; but that they understood the trade of war so well, that they generally cleared the field of battle of all incumbrances—a humane and laudable practice which the pagans never would follow.

Had I any thing supernatural about me, and which I certainly have not, I think I should be inclined to value a sacrifice according to the rank which the object sacrificed bore in the scale of the creation. For instance: I should not be much pleased with the sacrifice of a hedge-hog or a black beetle—the sacrifice of a fly I would positively reject. A good fat ox might put me in a good humour; a lady would be highly pleasing; and, of course, the sacrifice of a man would be the highest offering of all.

I must confess that the conduct of the Jews in war, and on many other occasions too, has always been sadly contrary to my humane propensities; but, probably, these things are above my comprehension. Reader, in the daily, or rather nightly perusal of the Hebrew authors, (for I read them every night on going to bed,) if I find any passage which yearns or churns my bowels of compassion, and which

is to my mind a stumbling-block, I do not pronounce aloud, This is contrary to my reason;—nor do I, like most people, undertake to explain and expound what I do not understand; but I say unto myself, This is above my reason:—and, shutting up the book, I seize my night-candlestick, and hurry up to bed with a precipitation from which my family infer any thing but the real cause of my sudden disappearance. Reader, I would not have you follow the dangerous habit of modern scholars, who laugh at this necessary distinction between above reason and contrary to reason; for without this obvious and sound distinction, many very respectable subjects would be considerably obscured. Sound reasoners, a class of persons I very much dislike, maintain that we can take cognizance of nothing but by the faculties of the mind operating on the ideas which may be given to us by our senses; and the result of this operation they call reason. Now, say they, in the form of the schools, if we can know nothing but by reason, and are yet acquainted with matters above reason, we make a faculty acquire what is above its powers to acquire. I might put a host of such logicians to flight by calling

their opinions mere carnal and worldly knowledge; and which words would, in an instant, excite against them the contempt of spiritual people; but I scorn to take such an advantage over them, and choose to show my skill by refuting them secundem artem. To such a man I should say, Pray, Sir, can a fly read Milton's Paradise Lost? He candidly answers, No. Pray, Sir, cannot a fly crawl over the covering of Milton's Paradise Lost, and knowing nothing of its contents, be still convinced of the reality of the object? To this I doubt not he would answer, Yes. I should then exultingly reply, In the same manner are we convinced of the existence of faith, without knowing any of the particulars of this faith. If he were a sturdy man, he might not choose to be so easily beaten out of the field; he might put in a rejoinder, and observe that there was a very great difference in the two cases; that, for instance, the fly, whatever his desires were, knew nothing of the contents or nature of the Paradise Lost, but only knew the book as a gross lump of matter; whereas the man not only *pretends* to know this thing called faith in its general existence, but he pretends to know, and really does

know, a greater number of its delightful properties, than there are beauties in the Paradise Lost. For example: the man knows that faith can make a prophecy, work miracles, remove a mountain, and, as the Latin syntax says somewhere or other of adjectives, "Cum plurimis aliis quæ affectionem animi denotant." I should know very well how to get rid of this rejoinder; for, looking extremely wise, and speaking like one of authority, I should address him by a "Well, Sir; and how does this observation affect the identity or the similarity of my case of the man and the fly? The only difference is, that the one party, the fly, knows nothing about the matter, and the other party knows every thing; and let me tell you, Sir, that full as great a difference as this is often found to exist in disputes upon the most important subjects."

By this reply I should be able to blow my antagonist to atoms, but instead of destroying his reputation; I should be much more inclined to build up my own. So like a skilful, or rather a powerful tactician, I should, for the sake of argument, agree to about nine-tenths of what he advanced, and with the remaining tenth I should establish all my opi-

nions, and bring him over to my way of thinking. I request, reader, that you will read this last line antithetically, or with the emphasis of distinction, for no two things on earth can be more opposite than that of establishing your opinions, and bringing your enemy over to your way of thinking.

I should begin with my antagonist in this logical manner, "Well, Mr. Philonus, or Mr. Hylas, I agree with you, that man can have no knowledge but by the functions of reason, that many things, faith, for instance, are above the functions of reason, ergo, man can know nothing that is above reason, or, in other terms, can have no faith." But I should take care to stop my antagonist's exultations at my concession, by an abrupt Stop, Sir, suppose that I prove to you that man has a faculty, distinct from, and contrary to sense or reason, given to him, for the express purpose of taking cognizance of all matters above reason, and consequently of all matters of faith amongst the rest. And now, Sir, listen, I prove it in this way.

What should we think of a man who applied, or wished to apply, all his organs of sense to their improper objects, teaching each

sense to forget its own business, and to invade the property of its neighbour? Who, for instance, should tell the palate to look at a beautiful landscape, and say to the eye, taste the flavour of this excellent champaigne? Who should expect the tympanum of his ear to receive the sensations of smelling, and bid his olfactory nerves to listen to nel cor non piu mi sento? Why, such a fellow would be counted crazy, and equally crazy is he who should expect matters above reason to be, what the world calls reasonable matters.

For, to proceed in my argument, according to the rules of the Aristotelians, a sect I was brought up in, but in the event of my readers being, by this time, confused, and having forgot what my argument is about, and which, without meaning to hurt his feelings, I must confess I strongly apprehend, I must again inform him, that I have two learned and abstruse points to establish. The first is, that faith being a matter above reason, is not derived to us by reason. And my second point will be, that having shown what faith is not derived from, I shall then prove what it is derived from.

And first, that it is not sensible, i. e. de-

rived from the senses, is clear, for even St. Paul himself declares, 'that it is the evidence of things not seen.' Now, in declaring it a thing not seen, he undoubtedly does not mean to confine himself to mere vision, but he intends it to be understood as a thing not only not seen, but not felt, not heard, not smelt, and not tasted, or in other terms, it is not derived from any of those five senses. I am the more inclined to this opinion, because, I have generally observed, that the people who have a superabundance of faith, and those who have any attachment to it, are the people who make the least use of their senses, or who have no senses to use. From all which, it most clearly appears, that faith is derived from some source totally distinct from our senses; and that as reason is only the compound assemblage of our sensible ideas, and as all philosophers agree, that what is not in the elements of a body, cannot be in its compound state; ergo, faith cannot be in our reason, and the corollary is, that reason cannot be in our faith.

The question then is, by what means does man become acquainted with, or possessed of this thing called faith? My answer is, by

means of a sixth sense, totally distinct from the other five. That man, in short, has six senses, instead of five, and that the philosophers and the common people, from the beginning of the world, have been egregiously mistaken, in imagining they had only five. But the world will say, what is the name of this sixth sense, in which, what is called faith, is exclusively born, bred, and educated? It would be nonsense to name it in English. But I shall certainly apply a Greek name to it in that learned volume of metaphysics which I am about to publish.

Now, then, I claim to myself the exclusive fame of discovering this sixth transcendant faculty of the soul. And if any envious wasp of a divine or a philosopher, should wish to discredit the existence of this faculty, by observing, that no metaphysician, from Aristotle down to the late Dr. Priestley, or the present Rev. Mr. Belsham, has been aware of its existence, to such a man, I reply, that I asserted as much myself when I pronounced it to be a discovery of my own.

I will now revert to the sacrifices of the Africans.

In all arguments, especially in those which

relate to religious subjects, the contending parties always find it convenient to take a great many things for granted, and to reject a great many other things, as too heavy or too light for their management. On this wise principle, in treating on this subject of the African sacrifices, I will take for granted that the wars really take place, that the prisoners are really made, and that the sacrifice is religiously and piously offered, and, of course, as condescendingly accepted. I will leave out of the argument the consideration whether these wars, which lead to a plentiful supply of prisoners, are not entirely created by the excitement of selling their captives to the whites. Many people may think that this is the very point, of all others, which I ought most carefully to investigate, and my knowing that they will think so, is the very reason of the omission, for it is my nature to like contradiction and opposition of every sort.

There are two ways of preventing all these horrid immolations of human victims. The best way, says the colonist, is to buy them from the altars, and transporting them across the sea, convert them into instruments for the production of muscovado sugar, good plantation

coffee, and excellent rum. The mode, on the contrary, which the philanthropists would adopt, is simply that of introducing among the Africans the principles of warfare, and the mode of fighting as practised by the most civilized countries of Christendom. Now in Christian countries, we must let the African savages know, that we do not, on going to war, all of us turn out, like a set of rag-a-muffins, and knock each other on the head, but, on the contrary, we adopt the more civilized plan of rearing and educating a large portion of the population to the distinct and honourable profession of cutting throats. So highly captivating and attractive is this trade of knocking your neighbour on the head, that for *6d.* a day to the mechanic, and about *6s.* a day to the gentleman, you will find thousands who will leave all the tender enjoyments of parent, wife, and children, and will gladly enter into this profession, and whenever the whims or passions of their prince, or the interests of their country, which is the same thing, should call them out to fight, they will destroy their fellow-creatures with the greatest zeal, accounting him the most worthy man who slays and exterminates the greatest

numbers. This refinement is decidedly to the honour of the civilized and Christian country, and numerous other advantages arise from the Christian mode of warfare, which we would humanely wish to introduce into Africa. For by this mode of carrying on war it is allowable to encourage, by the highest honours, and by large rewards, those who can destroy the greatest number of human beings in the shortest time, and with the greatest glory. We set a whole people to the utmost stretch of their ingenuity to invent the most deadly instruments of annoyance and perdition. The sword is curved into the best possible line for carving out the human viscera and thorax, we invent a ball which will knock the largest possible hole in your house, and not content with this, we contrive, with exquisite skill and ingenuity, a machine, called a Congreve's rocket, which will set a whole town into the most beautiful state of illumination, ridding a man of all the incumbrances of wife and child, and sparing him the trouble of committing the dreadful crime of suicide. According to this mode of carrying on war, as practised in all Christian countries, it is perfectly proper, after doing the utmost in your power,

to rip open an enemy's body, or to put a bullet through his head, the fight being over, to shake hands with him and to treat him with the utmost possible politeness and attention. The Christian in battle, will do as much as any African chief to send his opponent out of this sublunary world, and to send him by much about the same means; but the fight being done, what Christian ever thought of offering his prisoner a sacrifice on a stone altar; on the contrary, he asks the gentleman to dinner with him, and they drink a friendly bottle of wine together, only, if the prisoner be not an officer, of course he is destitute of feeling, and instead of giving him a dinner, he is put into a gaol.

No man can be so monstrous as not to wish that the poor African should be enlightened and instructed in all the beauties of this civilized mode of carrying on war, and I fully agree with the abolitionists who would diffuse a knowledge of this humane system throughout all the coast of Guinea. But on the other hand, there is a considerable degree of plausibility in the colonial argument of buying the black prisoner for the purpose of converting him into an instrument for sweetening exist-

ence by the production of saccharine matter. In short, I have not yet been able to determine which of these two methods is the best, but have always wavered between the two propositions, inclining to one side or the other, as my love of sugar or the love of glory should predominate in my constitution. I lament that I must disgrace my long line of ancestry by avowing the important fact that the balance of inclination in me lies, I fear, considerably in favour of the sugar. For nature has infused into my system very little of that ardour for military glory which is necessary to constitute a great man, whereas she has liberally bestowed on me some of those propensities and qualities which necessarily tend to the formation of a great woman, and amongst these my feminine propensities and inclinations, is an inordinate attachment to tea and consequently to sugar, which makes me often prejudiced in favour of the colonist.

Not that I am so base, that a love of tea has rendered me totally destitute of that noble love for military affairs which has distinguished my Welch forefathers from time immemorial. For instance, in proof of this noble fire in me, I have always felt conscious of in-

ternal delight in beholding the superb dresses of our hussar regiments, the trappings of our lancers, and the fine accoutrements of our Sovereign's body-guard of heavy horse. So natural are noble sentiments to exalted birth, that I remember once, after a parade, entreating my father to let me be a soldier, and my request formed a long and important subject of discussion between my parents.

My father, a proud and haughty man, would with all his heart have devoted me to the noble profession of systematically destroying those against whom our Sovereign Lord the King should be pleased to take offence. But he had observed in me certain symptoms of a constitutional nature, which he wisely anticipated would be an insuperable bar to my ever becoming a great captain. He had observed that I never could discharge a pistol or a fowling piece, without a previous trembling of my limbs, and winking and turning my head at the flash of the pan. At the sound of a cannon I would shake like an aspen leaf, my teeth making sounds responsive to the tremendous instrument, and at a charge of bayonets, my blood forsook my face, and trickled coldly

through my body till nature relieved my system by the unconsciousness of a swoon.

Now, my father, looking with a keen eye of family pride around the room, lest the very walls might witness these painful truths, whispered into my mother's ear all these results of his observations on my character, and ended his whisper by emphatically assuring my mother, that were I brought up to the army, it was probable that I should do any thing but add a wreath to the untarnished shield of my Cambrian ancestry.

To this feeling address of the Welchman to his wife, my mother made the reply of a passionate pshaw, a term which always had on my courageous father much about the same effect as the sound of a cannon had upon me. The old lady most resolutely declared that my constitutional weakness of nerves formed no impediment whatever to my being brought up a soldier. There were, said she, all the crack regiments, of which his Majesty was by far more fond than of those ugly corps of weather-beaten veterans, which might, for aught she knew, be very fit to shine on a field of battle, but were utterly unfit to appear on a field-day before his Majesty and the ladies.

Now, cried the old lady, buy our son Jeffrey a cornetcy in one of those beautiful corps of cavalry, and I engage to say, he will never see a shot fired in earnest in his life, and if at sham-fighting he turns a little pale, there will be plenty of noble lords and gallant captains to keep him in countenance.

My father and mother might have found in this difference of opinion as to my abilities for a soldier, a source of contention for the remainder of their lives, and which in the common course of events might have been ten years at least, the old lady being only sixty-one, and the old gentleman being only in his seventieth. But, the fates ordained, that peace in the shape of my doughty Cambrian uncle, should interpose and prevent the protracted effects of this difference of sentiment in my progenitors. For finding both parties inexorably obstinate, he wisely steered a middle course, by promising, that I should become a member of a gallant corps of cavalry volunteers, in which I might at once display courage, skill, loyalty, and patriotism by my conduct towards the unwashed artificers and unshorn barrow-women in Piccadilly, or about the Parliament House. My uncle, however,

was a treacherous man, and he never gave me the promised opportunity of acquiring unfading laurels for the scutcheon of my forefathers.

Reverting now to the subject of the Africans, and to that of abolishing the slave-trade, I must leave the disputed point just where I found it, and the reader after all that has been said must determine for himself, whether it be better to encourage the British manufacturers by giving them large orders for glass beads, and brass trinkets to be exchanged for negro prisoners of war, who would otherwise be sacrificed to some unseemly, thick-lipped object of adoration: or whether it be more humane to diffuse amongst the poor Africans a knowledge of that noble science of war as practised in the nineteenth century in all Christian countries, a science which obtained a crown for Bonaparte, and a dukedom for our countryman, Wellington, two titles to obtain which, about eight or nine hundred thousand human beings were so happy as to suffer cold, hunger, and fatigue; and eventually to die on the field of glory? The widows and orphans of these heroes getting pensions of about sevenpence a-day, and some about seven shil-

lings a-day, and the noble Duke getting grants of about seven hundred thousand pounds, with other numerous emoluments.

" Sic parvis componere magna solebam."

The gordian knot, however, may be cut, by the alternative of our altering our system of sending out our enthusiastic missionaries to *enlighten* the Africans. Of all useless beings, the mere gentleman, the man who can do nothing but write and talk, is the most useless in a state of savages. Little good will ever be done to the native Africans by sending among them merely men who can preach or set the system of Christianity in array against idolatry or Mahometanism. Doctrines of *faith* preached amongst these people may rouse dormant prejudices, or stimulate enthusiasm; but the object of the humane ought to be the melioration of the disposition and habits of the savages. Agriculture, the mechanical arts, and commercial intercourse accompanied by instructions in pure morals and philanthropy, and the examples of domestic happiness, are the only sources from which the savage can be taught civilization and humanity. If, therefore, instead of spi-

ritual missionaries, our societies were to spend their funds in sending out to Africa and Asia, sensible persons who would give moral instructions without in the least interfering with the prejudices of the natives; if these persons, like the Moravians, had a knowledge of the mechanical arts, and would set an example of quiet social life, instead of spending their time in anger-stirring controversies upon doctrines, we might soon see the African or Asiatic savage converted into a kind and merciful being of social habits.

But let me now quit the style of humour, and treat in appropriate language a subject which must touch the heart of every humane and rational being.

I have often wept at the sad but apparently necessary constitution of animal existence. Scarcely can we enjoy a single pleasurable situation, that is not derived from the sufferings of some kindred being. But man, thoughtless, unfeeling man, revels in his own prosperity, nor deigns he to think of the misery of others, till sufferings bring their woes home to his own bosom. Amidst the splendid luxury of the dinner-table, who reflects on the bleeding animal, or what titled

guest deigns to think on the shivering and naked child who stood trembling at the door before day-break of a December's morning, knocking for admittance to sweep the chimney, until the drowsy servant may condescend to turn out of his warm bed to admit the shivering urchin to the performance of the task for which he is to earn a sixpence. The lady who views with delight the rich and varied dies of the silk on the mercer's counter, never lets her mind travel to the squalid manufacturer who pines in filth and tatters in his wretched garret in Spital-fields. Let the parent, whose heart palpitates with joy at seeing her child decorated in the muslin frock, reflect that to produce such a manufacture of luxury and pride, thousands of children are torn from their parents at the tenderest age. Deprived of the embrace and of all the tender fondlings of the mother, denied the healthy ramble in their native fields, these children, are seated in a dull, and silent monotony so unnatural to the spirits of childhood; are the live long day kept at irksome and unamusing labour in an unwholesome manufactory, subject to the blows and harsh voice of the unfeeling task-master; the indignant parent not

daring to ward the uplifted cane from his child: at length, the gay spirit which God has given to youth is ungratified by sport and exercise, the elastic gaiety of childhood is suppressed, or broken by severity and unceasing toil; health is destroyed by privation, and confinement in contaminated air, and in middle age this child of misery sinks into the grave, the joys of life unknown, its sufferings deeply felt*.

* The period, or portion of the four and twenty hours, during which a manufacturer may work the children in his manufactory had been regulated by the Legislature. But Mr. Peel, the son of the wealthiest of our manufacturers, had often viewed the excessive labour imposed upon these squalid and spiritless children, and moved by a humanity to which it might have been thought no human breast could have been impervious, he brought into the House of Commons a bill to screen these human sacrifices from a portion of their sufferings. He detailed their wretchedness, with great pathos and with great truth, but so far from every parental bosom in the House sympathizing for these wretched creatures, the bill was strenuously opposed by every argument which a love of lucre or criminal sophistry could invent. Mr. Peel was one of the ministry, and therefore his bill was of course carried, by the votes of the government phalanx, but for the system of place and pension in the House, these children might still have been worked their sixteen hours a-day; corruption it appears may sometimes produce a benefit.

"Take physic, pomp, expose yourselves to feel what wretches feel."

Oh! ye thoughtless breakers of the sabbath, reflect that the institution of this day is the sole bliss of the laborious poor. Reflect that this day is the only opportunity which the wretched pauper and confined mechanic can snatch from his labour, to ramble in the invigorating fields, and to enjoy all the heaven of his infant family in the bliss of sportive leisure. Bring this day of rest into disrepute by the wantonness of your silly mirth and insolent thoughtlessness, and you deprive one-half of your fellow-creatures of their chief source of health and happiness. If it be true, that society is full of concealed deism, let the deist, in common with the Christian, reflect that this sabbath, this day of cessation from toil and confinement, is a blessing to the poor, the safety and continuance of which none can weaken or destroy, but by the most inhuman depravity.

However moderate or however splendid may be a dinner party, I confess the idea of it produces in my mind very mixed views of enjoyment. It is an entertainment of preparation and trouble, where there is so much la-

titude for expence, that it produces a disposition to vie and eclipse your friends. For which reason, dinner parties generally go to the full extent, if not beyond the extent of a man's means, and are usually made up for some particular object, upon one or more of the guests. Besides these objections, there are, even with the most temperate, excitements to drink and temptations to eat, which at least divide the attention between the feast of reason and of fancy, and the gratification of the grosser appetites.

None of these objections exist against the tea-table. What can be so delightful as the bright fire-side, the cleanly hearth, the warm curtain, and the bubbling urn. The tea-table surrounded by your affectionate family, and by your judicious selection of sensible, sincere, and enlightened friends. No gross hunger, or choice and varied products of cookery to divide the attention, full scope and time for the modest playfulness of feminine fancy, and for the more enlarged and deeper discussions of the male assembly. When amidst such happiness we view the crystallized sugar in the silver vase, little do we think of the miserable being who toiled in the noxious mines of Peru, to

procure the metal, nor of the yet more wretched slave, who, torn from his native Africa, a prey to his master's passions, wasted his life in the fields of the tropics to cultivate for us this relished sugar cane.

Wretched indeed is the condition of this despised portion of suffering humanity. The outraged feelings of our nature have wrung from their heartless masters laws to protect them against their incessant violence. But, alas! for humanity, their masters are the executors of these laws. Subject then are these hapless beings to the brutal passions of their owners. Men generally at best but half educated; living in that state of demi-civilization, in which our West India colonies now are, their passions therefore unmodified by the discipline of education, stimulated by the nature of their climate and by invariable excesses of the table, uncontrolled by the decencies of refined society, and of necessity unchastened by the association of their females, many of whom are proverbial for the grossest ignorance, the coarsest sentiments, and the most furious passions *.

* This observation applies only to those resident females who have seen nothing of European society. In warm climates, females become objects of desire at so early an

Thus the negro is viewed by his owner merely as the cattle which is to yield him a profit; and the calculation is consequently the greatest possible quantity he can be made to produce, upon the least possible quantity of food and clothing. His comforts, his feelings, and, before the abolition law, even his longevity were points unworthy of consideration. It was thought more advantageous to work a slave to an early death and buy another, than to let his life be lengthened to the usual term of existence, by moderate labour and a sufficiency of nourishment.

But say the masters now, 'Do not interfere with us: will not our own interests induce us to be kind to our slaves? Can it be supposed that we will injure our negroes, when injury must deprive us of their labour.' And this is their wretched and constant cant on the subject. Good heavens! and is it not possible to poison human happiness, to inflict infinite cruelty without immediately injuring

age, that at the time of marriage the mind is infantine, and hence the great inferiority of female manners and conduct in southern latitudes. We need not speak of the effect which the condition of one sex will always have upon the morals and behaviour of the other.

the body to a degree which must deprive of life, or sensibly diminish the powers of labour. And are there no negative sufferings, no privations, no loss of virtuous love; are the joys of connubial life, the bliss of parental attachments, the pleasures derived from independence and property, are all these to be snatched from them, and is it to be called nothing, because the deprivation of these feelings does not shorten life, or perceptibly diminish the amount of productive labour.

But it is an abstract truth, and the experience of all ages confirms it, that man, left to the uncontrolled sway of his passions, will not let his anger, his lusts, or even his caprices be bridled even by his most obvious interests. Will a man in a fit of rage or of intoxication, nicely determine the precise point to which his chastisement, or rather his vengeance may be carried, without injuring the body as a machine for labour? Will a slave owner make a correct estimate of the maximum of labour and the minimum of food? Is it not human nature that he should over-rate one, and calculate the other too low. And is one human being to be so entirely at the disposal of

another, that nothing is to protect him against his master's passions but his calculations of interest, a calculation varying with the condition, the temper, and the ignorance of individuals. Man of all animals can be least entrusted with arbitrary power. The great rectifier of conduct is not sudden resolutions or individual reasoning, it is general habit, and whilst a set of men are accustomed on every gust of passion or conception of offence, to inflict summary punishment or personal violence, this habit alone will engender the worst of dispositions, and will render him who punishes, if possible, more debased than he who is the object of the chastisement. There can be no medium between constant outrage or habitual forbearance. Man is a mechanical instrument, and his actions of to-day will beget similar actions on the morrow. If he strikes his slave this hour for a just cause, the next hour he will strike him from caprice and temper. We must be entirely virtuous or entirely vicious. A master must never strike a slave, or he will be always striking him.

But let us suppose that an owner can and does judge correctly as to the extent of cruelty

he may reach, without by serious injury diminishing the value of his slave as a machine of husbandry; and let us even suppose that no very great degree of torture can be applied, or harsh treatment adopted, without effecting some such depreciation of value. Are there not many negative sufferings which may be inflicted, without this risk of damaging property.

Of all the delightful sensations with which it has pleased the Deity to bless our nature, the dream of youthful love is the most elevated and valuable. The ardent passion of a virtuous attachment, the beautiful object of female youth, artless and innocent, these fill the heart with ecstacy, they raise us above the grovelling meanness of our nature, and inspire us with a generous enthusiasm and with every exalted sentiment. From this delirium of joy, our accomplished wishes lead us to all the tender and endearing ties of parent, our enthusiasm of youthful attachment produces the more calm union of admiration and esteem for tried constancy, and enduring affection. The rising maturity of children, home and all its thousand joys are the harvest of our youthful love.

But to these feelings, the best boon of heaven, the negro's bosom is an utter stranger. The purity of female youth never excites his sensibility. No virgin innocence can he hope to possess. As soon as the female slave is on the verge of fourteen, she becomes the object of passion to her brutal, and perhaps hoary master, and so completely has his tyranny debased the character of the negroes, that the girl, and even her parents will consider it an honour to be prostituted to his embrace; that these creatures should be so taught to venerate for a white skin, the being whose vices degenerate him below the brute! Thus the black man's bride is the white man's cast off prostitute. He has consequently no confidence in her fidelity; he neither expects her exclusive love, nor does he pretend to find pleasure in her exclusive society. Her morals debauched, her habits depraved by her master, her life is unchaste and libidinous; she knows none of the tender anxieties of a mother, her heart never glows at the blooming charms and youthful purity of her daughter, and she feels that her child is doomed to slavery and prostitution. The miserable African's insensibility to

infamy and vice, which is the mere effect of the master's tyranny and imposition, that master in the triumph of ignorance and pride, will plead as a justification of his conduct, or as the cause of his inhumanity.

But our vices generally recoil on ourselves. The islands of the West Indies are nothing more than spacious brothels, and the planter has the mortification of knowing that his wife and daughters must unavoidably be the constant witnesses of every scene of lewdness and impurity.

Those beautiful girls who are sent to this country to be educated in refinement and delicacy, on their return to their native homes, are doomed to witness in the houses of their parents, a course of incessant grossness which would shock the morals of European outcasts.

Indeed, amongst the elderly ladies of those countries, the principal subject of conversation is the gaiety of the neighbouring gentlemen, and these amours are discussed in language which in well bred European society would be deemed intolerable.

But I have done with the general subject of the blacks, and my office is now to relate a

simple tale of truth, which will at once illustrate my preceding pages, and will paint the condition of slavery in colours which must appal the most hardened.

CHAPTER II.

In one of our principal West India islands, no matter which, but for the sake of giving my history a local habitation and a name, I will call it the island of Cuba, a spot probably not very many leagues from the real scene of action : in the island of Cuba then, and at the north-eastern extremity of the island, stands a town, which takes its name from its situation on a spacious bay; the Bay of Montego. In this town lived a creole gentleman, of the name of Samuel Juxton. He was a gentleman of a portly size, with a dignified and graceful carriage ; he was of a cheerful temper, and social habits, with an excellent vein of humour, and fine conversational talents. These qualities, with a generosity of disposition, and an ingenuous nature, had rendered him attractive to every body of any worth or consequence in the neighbourhood. But he had something more than this wit and gentlemanly bon hommie to boast of. Nature had bestowed on him a fine understanding, and his mind had been culti-

vated at one of the most celebrated academic establishments of the mother country. By the death of his paternal uncle, a rich store, or shopkeeper, in the capital of the island, he found himself in possession of three fine estates, but which, like most of the estates in those countries, were deeply mortgaged, and involved in debt. As Mr. Juxton was brought up to the law, with the foundation of such a property, with the advantages of his natural abilities, and with the still greater advantage of a professional education, he might unquestionably have become one of the wealthiest gentlemen of the community, and one of the most shining characters in the island. But one error of his life had blasted all his hopes; one single false step had converted him from a 'rich and prosperous gentleman,' into a man dependent on many, and embroiled in constant quarrels with all around him. Never was so fair a prospect of peace, of wealth and fame, so withered and destroyed by one single act of imprudence. This rock, on which his bark of life had suffered wreck, was an unfortunate attachment to a young lady, whom he afterwards married, and who must become the heroine of this narrative.

In his neighbourhood lived a widow, whose husband had left to her care two daughters and three sons. Some of the branches of this family were moderately respectable for birth, and even for property, but a greater similarity of disposition had run through all its members than can be well imagined. They were proverbial in the island for a malign expression of countenance, for boisterous manners, coarse and vulgar sentiments, for fierce passions, and unconquerable stupidity. To this list of qualities fame added that of an unparalleled effrontery in embracing the goddess of slander and untruth. In short, they were the abhorrence of all the good and sensible people of their district, and their names struck terror into the bosom of every dependent slave.

One member of this family, a cousin to this widow, in addition to his patronymic qualities, was celebrated for Herculean strength and for extraordinary proficiency in all the coarser gymnastic exercises. This monster was in the habit of daily, or rather in a state of constant intoxication, and the full energy of his physical prowess was hourly displayed in deeds of the most atrocious cruelty on his unoffending slaves. At length, one evening,

after a scene of riotous debauchery, for some trifling offence relating to a boot-jack, he ran a negro through the body, and was obliged to fly to America, where he died a few years ago, in a state of infamy and exile.

But to return to the widow lady, I observed that, like Noah, she had three sons, and as Lucina had never blessed her with twins, or triplets, it is a pretty safe conclusion, that of these three sons, one was the oldest, the other the youngest, and the remaining one neither as old as the first, nor as young as the latter.

I intend, for the sake of illustrating my subject of slavery, to give some little description of this celebrated family, who were, bonâ fide, as celebrated amongst the creoles, the maroons, the mulattoes, the quaddroons, the mustees, and the blacks, as good ale is celebrated amongst the English, whiskey amongst the Scotch, and usquebaugh amongst the Irish. In this description I prefer beginning with the youngest gentleman, for two reasons. First, Because any body but myself would prefer beginning with the eldest; and secondly, Because that in the inheritance of the good things of this world the eldest child, by nature, comes first, and I therefore hold it would be con-

trary to nature if we did not make the youngest come in first for his portion of evil.

This youngest son, Mr. John Gibbeson Sowfire, then, was a negro-driver, and his sister, Mrs. Juxton, the heroine of my history, had those indisputable seeds of discernment and high birth about her, which naturally led her to treat with a due degree of hauteur, contempt, and severity, a brother who had descended so low in life. In short the lady did, most thoroughly, what is sensibly called by a sort of technical phrase, viz. She kept him at a proper distance. Nor did she ever insult any of her higher friends by letting this tatterdemallion of a brother take shelter under her roof, whilst the said roof had the felicity of sheltering better folks.

Now it so happens that nature seldom makes a biped thoroughly stupid, and although this white biped, whose duty it was to drive the black bipeds, had inherited a full share of his family dullness and obtusity of the senses, yet nature had eminently qualified him for one of the most sublime and useful sciences which the human intellect is capable of acquiring. The occult, mysterious, and noble science, to which I allude, was that of hoarding up far-

things, pence, shillings, and eventually pounds. Now it eventually struck the occiput of our heroine, Mrs. Juxton, for her ideas were known to enter by the occiput, that her said negro-driving brother John was as eminent in the practice of this noble science of thrift and hoarding as his countryman, Dr. Franklin, was celebrated for its theory. It was a very odd coincidence, but so it happened, that just as the knowledge of her brother's eminence, as a practical Franklin, entered Mrs. Juxton's brain, her sisterly affections began to bestir themselves into her heart. She forthwith became remarkably condescending towards him, asked him to table, and allowed him to sit down with the other guests; and, in private, gave him sage and disinterested advice on the dangers of marrying. But as soon as the poor fellow's heart began to feel the full effulgence of his sister's disinterested love, it so happened that certain family failings of disposition began to show themselves in his worldly conduct. He was engaged in an affair of honour with a friend, for committing certain venial trespasses on the precincts of the temple of truth and wisdom, but in which temple the poor fellow's near approach to idiotcy

gave him the privilege of doing what he pleased, without any human being of discernment and feeling caring one straw about the matter. But this friend was of so generous a nature that he was determined to treat him as a person of sound memory, mind, and understanding, and to give him all the privileges of a man of sense; and in pursuance of this generous resolution, forthwith, for the said trespasses against the said goddesses of truth and wisdom, did the aforesaid *friend* call the aforesaid negro-driver out, and forthwith he made him stand at the distance of twelve paces, and forthwith he fired his pistol, and forthwith he shot him through the heart, and forthwith the said Mr. John Gibbeson Sowfire was gathered to his fathers, and forthwith his loving sister, Mrs. Juxton, did inherit his property.

Of this gentleman's brothers, the next in the ascending series, be it noted, was destined to shine in the naval service of Old England. Never did parents show more exquisite penetration into the recesses of the head, and through the labyrinths of the heart, than did the worthy old gentleman and lady, in judging their second son fit for the nautical service. Although

it is absolutely necessary that there should be men of superior talents and of gentlemanly acquirements to command our ships, yet it is well known to all who know any thing of such matters, that 'the wooden walls of Old England would be absolutely useless, if they were not to carry a very considerable number of wooden heads.

Now this, our hero, Mr. Blowser Gibbeson Sowfire, the second son of the Sowfire family, was most eminently qualified, by nature, for the naval service, both with respect to his great capacity, and, paradoxical as it may appear, with respect to the lignum vitæ of the head. As his lady mother was continually boasting of him, as what she called the genus of the family, and as the deuce a mark of genius could any body but herself discover about him, it was therefore supposed, and has since been ascertained as a fact, that nature had beneficently bestowed upon this worthy, seven pennyweights of brain, of that excellent texture declared by metaphysicians to be the most proper for forming those combinations and associations which constitute that order of intellect most likely to burn down the river Thames. But as nature is an

excellent mechanic, and being conscious that so fine a gift of brain, deserved her utmost skill for its protection from injury, she straightway inclosed it in a good thick case of lignum vitæ, so hard, that it would shiver the stoutest cudgel, and so close in its grain, as to defy the passage even of that subtle substance which the Aristotelians called by the term of phantasm.

It is further well known, that unless a gentleman possess a certain pugnacity of disposition, he is utterly unfit to shine amongst naval heroes. But our friend had a greater inclination to strife than any man, woman, or child, that had ever been christened since the ever-memorable days of Ajax. Morning, noon, and night, did this worthy go to logger-heads, or try to go to logger-heads with somebody. In short, he had the very quintessence of pugnacity in him, but the misfortune was, that he was destitute of that noble and necessary art of turning his superior nature to advantage, and making it a saleable and useful commodity. Instead of professionally directing his fine love of discord against those whom the laws of nature, or the king's proclamations, which are the same things, declare to be our

enemies, he chose to display and practise them amongst all whom he ever associated with as his friends. To his superior officers he evinced a most noble contempt of all subordination, discipline, and obedience; to his inferiors, he vigorously put into practice that wholesome correction which soon reduces a man to the necessity of either yielding up opposition, or of yielding up the ghost; and to his equals he shewed himself thoroughly above all those vulgar and petty distinctions of behaviour and veracity and which are sometimes thought to be the bonds of society, and the foundations of safe and pleasant intercourse.

Strange to say, that his brother officers, so far from appreciating this heroic disposition of this excellent member of the Sowfire family, after degrading him, stopping his promotion, and inflicting upon him many mortifications, and marks of disapprobation, they eventually cited him before a classical amphictionic assembly, vulgarly called a court-martial; the members of which being a set of tame and spiritless fellows, who had no notion of forever exercising fisticuffs over their dinner or their breakfast table, unanimously came to a resolution that this noble hero should

begin his career of life from the point at which he had started for the goal of naval immortality; or in other terms, that he should be what they technically called, "put at the bottom of the list."

But this hero, with all his low cunning, eventually fell a sacrifice to the ars fœmineæ, for he married a lady who despised his ignorance and low vices, and having palmed her numerous family on him, eventually left him, burdening his income with the expenses of her support, and laughing at his gullability.

I now come to the only remaining male branch of the Sowfires; and of this gentleman, Mr. James Sowfire, I know nothing, save and except that he possessed all that noble contempt of mental acquirements and moral habits which, from time immemorial, has distinguished the Sowfires. He is reported to have had such a generous and disinterested desire of patronizing that inestimably valuable class of persons called wine and brandy merchants; that, out of pure love for their interests, he drank himself into the other world, before five and twenty suns had rolled over him in this; but, as his bills for wine and brandy were not settled according to

the practices of vulgar commerce, the wine and brandy merchants, with a littleness of spirit highly to their dishonour, never would acknowledge themselves indebted to his patronage, and therefore no brazen monument is erected to his memory, but good men are immortal in their deeds, and the chronicles of Cuba relate of this gallant gentleman a fact which will make his memory immortal for at least half a century.

The fact I allude to is simply that this worthy, Mr. James Sowfire, caring not one fig for his mother, his father, or for any one unto him belonging, at length began to make amends for his contempt of his dear relations, by concentrating all the fire of his affections on a younger sister. He had heard also, at school, that it was his duty to love his sister, and it never entered his brain that love has its specific variations, as well as its variations in degree. Whether this gentleman had, like the rest of the Sowfire family, never heard that there had been a gentleman of the name of Plato, and consequently knew nothing of that philosopher's divine island of Atlantis, or whether he had, like other folks, heard of the term Platonic love, and, like many wise men,

considered Platonic love to be all a hum, I cannot, without procuring the chronicles of Cuba, take upon myself to determine; but certain it is, and the case of Mr. James Sowfire proves it, that a man can love his sister, without ever having suffered the reveries of Plato to enter his noddle. In short he knew but of one sort of love, he loved all the black ladies of Cuba, provided they were young and handsome; he loved his bottle, and he loved his sister, and for which her husband afterwards inconsistently repudiated her. And there is an end of the matter—for he died, and he slept with his fathers, and all the days of Mr. James Sowfire were, I cannot say how many.

Now by the terms, "he slept with his fathers," I would not have you, gentle readers, to imagine that I mean to cast the least slur upon the character of the gentleman's mother, by insinuating that he had more fathers than it becometh a gentleman to have. By "he slept with his fathers," I mean simply that he did not sleep at all, but that he had died, in about the same way as other people die; and by the term fathers I mean to include all his progenitors and ancestors of every description,

as many as would satisfy a Welch stickler for pedigree. It is not to be wondered at that this hero, Mr. James Sowfire, should have a great affection towards his lovely sister, Miss Fanny Sowfire, who was at or about the age of seventeen, and who was a girl of sterling merit, and richly endowed, by nature, with every useful quality. She was none of your aerial species of being, none of your light, gossamer, fairy beings, so delicate and small, that a good sized hero of romance might wear a dozen of them in his heart's core, nay, in the very core of his heart's core, and find it so unfilled that he has room for a least a dozen more lovely angels. Nor was Miss Frances Sowfire of that landlady description of personage which is destitute of any remarkable quality, save and except a prodigious periphery, and a red nose. Miss Fanny was, in fact, a very different sort of being, equally far removed from the sylph-like figure of an aerial as from the squat, paunchy figure of a lady Boniface. In short, nature had bestowed on her a prodigious fine proportion of bone, with an expression of sinewy and muscular power, to behold which would have made the eyes of our redoubtable champion, Mr. Thomas Cribb,

"to start from their spheres, and his knotty and combined locks to look like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The lady's stature was nobly raised above the standard of six English feet, her breadth of shoulders was remarkably fine, and those beauxs who had the happiness to *escort* her through the streets, often had their ears assailed by the wonder-stricken passengers, who, with a stupid gaze, between terror and admiration, would unconsciously exclaim, "My eye, or what a whacker; well, that's a bouncer," &c. &c. &c.

The lady's foot was not one of those pretty little delicate feet, with a small well turned ankle, which may be very well adapted to going through a quadrille, but which for marketing or for any other of the really useful purposes of life, is well known to be worth nothing at all. Her's was no Camilla tread, skipping over the unbending ears of corn; on the contrary, the very earth trembled, or seemed to tremble under her as she walked, and as soon as she put her leg foremost, and threw the weight of her body upon it, the foot appeared conscious of the mighty task it had to perform, and immediately spread out to a prodigious extent, like a Dutchman's hand; in

short, it has been asserted, that so finely did this foot spread, that unless its spreading propensity had been checked and restrained by thick webs which nature had placed in the proper position, the feet must ere this have spread to the full size of a shoulder of mutton.

Nature is not one of those workmen of genius, who quite surpass themselves in certain parts of the machinery which they produce, and who will not take the pains to execute the remainder even with ordinary correctness and decency. On the contrary, in this instance at least, if nature had taken special care to form Miss Fanny's body, she had even emulated herself in the formation of the mind, as well as in providing a proper packing-case for that, which in her at least was decidedly an immaterial principle.

The head then which nature had made to protect the lady's intellect, and to form the grace and ornament of this beautiful piece of workmanship, her body, was an exact oblate spheroid. But lest, oh gentle reader, thou shouldst not know precisely the meaning of an oblate spheroid, I will tell thee in more homely language, that her head and visage were the exact resemblance to one of the most

beautiful productions of the vegetable kingdom, and which in common parlance goes by the name of a rock melon. Like then unto a huge rock melon, was this lady's head, and like unto the ripest side of the rock melon, was the cuticle of the lady's face.

Nature had however been rather clumsy in forming the head of this spheroid shape, for in flattening it at the top she had squeezed the forehead into a large projection, which hung over the eyes to a degree that gave her a most delightful sourness of expression, and what is called a louring look. If this prodigious hanging pent-house, or promontory of a forehead, obscured from her lovely little leering eyes, all prospect of the zenith, two high red cheek bones equally prevented the said grey eyes from beholding the nadir, or any thing below the eye-lid. But if all upper and under vision was denied her, nature had made ample compensation by ridding her face of that useless incumbrance, called the bridge of the nose, which being taken from between the eyes, allowed those organs the privilege of looking laterally at each other; an enjoyment in which they were perpetually indulging. The nose being thus relieved from its incumbrance, stood

like a lump of putty, or a wallnut, at about a quarter of an inch from the upper-lip, scorning all connection with the forehead, and nobly despising the Grecian rules of art. To suit these upper features, there was a mouth something like a gimblet hole, the lips shrivelled and yellow, in short, the poet could find in the animal kingdom very many things to which he could compare this lovely yellow mouth. But comparisons are odious.

A lady of such exquisite beauty could not long remain without what is vulgarly called a sweetheart. To see and to be struck by her appearance, were the same thing, and Miss Frances Sowfire happened to be seen, and consequently admired by Mr. James Cooper, a man who had made a large property by manufacturing certain wooden articles, highly useful both in commerce and for many domestic purposes. What these useful wooden articles were, my reader may discover if he can; I am determined the secret shall go down with me to the grave. But so the fates ordained, that the said mechanic, Mr. James Cooper, should fall desperately in love with the desirable Miss Frances Sowfire. And so the fates ordained that the said Miss Frances

Sowfire, should express high disdain of the said Mr. James Cooper, finding fault with his slovenly appearance, his being a tradesman, his being too old, his being * * *.

But Mrs. Amelia Sowfire, the mother of the delectable Miss Frances, knowing the grand secret, that Mr. James Cooper had stores of that metal of which she herself had little or none, she very properly estimated Mr. Cooper as a worthy man, who had that within which far surpasses show, and she accordingly determined that Miss Frances Sowfire should straitway be metamorphosed into Mrs. Frances Cooper.

Whether marriages which are generated solely by interest, are base and must of necessity be disastrous, I am not deep enough read in the ancients to determine, nor is the question of much importance in the present case, for the marriage which I am now about to record, was one founded, as all good marriages ought to be, upon an equal mixture of prudence and inclination. The inclination being all on the side of the gentleman, and the interest or prudence being all on the side of the lady, or rather of the lady's mother.

Now all those wise prudential considera-

tions which the old of both sexes, but particularly of the female sex, are so expert at forming, nature will in her frolicsome moods often treat with great contempt, and turn into naught. And so it happened in the present instance, for the marriage which the wise, magnanimous, and disinterested Mrs. Sowfire estimated would bring wealth, and consequently, in her ideas, every earthly good unto her daughter Frances, turned out in the sequel to be a marriage of about the same duration as the marriages which are celebrated amongst the Ephemera.

But I must first observe, that as soon as Mrs. Sowfire had settled with Mr. Cooper that he should embrace the lovely Miss Sowfire, for a reasonable sum to be named in the marriage articles, the worthy old lady made it her duty to acquaint Miss Fanny, that her large person had fetched a large price in the market place of Hymen. The old lady forthwith began to expatiate upon two points relative to the transaction; her own wisdom in making so excellent a bargain with Mr. Cooper and the infallible happiness which Miss Sowfire must infallibly draw from a pocket full of money.

Although Miss Frances Sowfire loved riches

as much as any Jewess in Christendom, it happened that she was at that lusty period of youth when the blood revels in the veins, and the reader may imagine that this lady's blood and veins were both of them of a nature to revel with astonishing force. Thus it happened, that she promptly and ingenuously told her mother, Mrs. Amelia Sowfire, that Fanny Sowfire would never become Fanny Cooper, adding with a graceful emphasis, that "she would please her eye if her heart ached for it." To this strong argument, the mother replied by a good sound horse-whipping, but, Lord, the old lady found that she might as well have flogged a coal-heaver's tarred jacket as try to make an impression on the durable skin of the lovely Miss Frances Sowfire. But the mother, although being pursy, she was out of wind in her ineffectual manual argument with her daughter, yet was too fertile in expedients to be easily defeated, and she forthwith summoned to her aid a piece of ingenious machinery, as conclusive in an argument as an Aristotelian syllogism. In short, to be less metaphorical in my language, the old lady's rejoinder, her dernier resort, her ultimatum, or her ultima ratio, call it which you please, was nothing more nor less than a lock

and key; in a word, she locked Miss Frances Sowfire up in the back garret.

Now the young lady's great strength and agility of body, rendered her exceedingly fond of field sports and manly exercises; and her internal feminine qualities rendered her equally fond of coquetry, ogling and flirting, all of which arts she was allowed to practise in every drawing-room where there were one or more of the male gender. These, then, her natural propensities rendered durance vile an intolerable burden to her, and she soon acknowledged the strength and propriety of her mother's method of conducting an argument. She consented to love, honour, and obey the worthy Mr. Cooper.

Whether Miss Sowfire did lay the 'flattering unction to her soul,' and erroneously imagine that Mr. Cooper was too silly to discover or too indifferent to the fact of her prior attachment, or whether she had resolved to conceal such matters from him, until at the hour of trial her courage failed her, and she endeavoured by a confession to make a virtue of necessity, whether this or that was the case, it is hard to determine, but certain it is, that all the bridal-night did the unhappy Mr. Cooper rove distractedly about the piazzas of

his dwelling. The next morning he declared to his friends that he had discovered the lady's prior attachment to her brother, and straitway he repudiated the said lady, and straitway he fled to America to hide his shame, and soon returned he to his native island of Cuba, when he found that during his absence, his lady had been obeying the precept of living in the bonds of affection and love with all mankind. At this he was so unreasonable as to take serious offence; and in short, he did become exceedingly distressed, and he did neglect his affairs, and he did substitute the bottle for the society of his wife, and he did become indifferent to all things, and he did care nought about how this world went with him, and he did hurry into the next world, leaving his wife inconsolable for his loss, and leaving her an immense fortune in brass, all of which, however, was her own, having inherited a prodigious quantity of that metal from a long line of the Sowfires.*

I have heard this unhappy Mr. Cooper des-

* The scene between this lady and her dying husband, in which she refused to quench his thirst, or to be reconciled to him as his breath was on its threshold, his making his last effort to rise in his bed to deprive her of the benefits of his will, and her behaviour on the occasion are too horrid for credibility; and in any other country than the

scribed as a plain, sensible, and worthy man, who was both prosperous and respected, until against the advice of all his friends, he would fall in love with and espouse the beautiful Frances Sowfire.

But certain it is, that his interesting widow *showed* herself deeply afflicted for his loss, and her affliction was visible to every body. Her grief was none of that selfish, silent, and fictitious grief which pines and seeks its gratification in the recesses of privacy and retirement. On the contrary, her sorrow was of a sociable, rantipole cast which indicated the most healthy state of a powerful pair of lungs, and showed a brisk action in the organs of lachrymal secretion. As regularly as a friend knocked at her door would her sobs begin to resound, and her tears begin sympathetically with the knocker to flow, until, if he staid long enough, this briny flood would trickle over her high cheek bones, and coming in contact with the nose, would trip and fly off whiz, for the temperature and colour of the

West Indies would have made a strong impression. The general facts of the tale sufficiently show the horrid tone of sentiments and of manners engendered amongst all classes by the institution of slavery, and the author's objects are therefore answered without painting this revolting conflict between a woman and her dying husband.

lady's visage seemed always to indicate that she had been using the sun as her looking-glass.

This amiable widow had never spent one shilling in either cow-skin, or cat o' nine tales for the punishment of her negroes. She was accustomed, on occasions of punishment, to make use of nothing but her feet and her fists, all of which she plied with astonishing dexterity. The lady one day thought proper to open her heart, and to give to her friends what the dandies of London are accustomed to call a swell dinner. At this dinner, unfortunately every thing went wrong, and Diana, the favourite black woman, appeared to be deficient in her wonted genius for arranging the dinner-table. In vain did the amiable widow wink, hum, haw, cough, and whisper, the deuce a bit did sable Di understand a single signal, till, at last, the widow's patience being exhausted, she suddenly flew from the table, and boxed poor Di's visage about in the regular champion style, to the great delight of the numerous guests. So bruised was poor Diana's visage, that she was obliged for about five and thirty days to be converted from a servant of all work into a sylvan goddess, and lying perdue in the country for this period she re-

turned to town perfectly renovated in beauty, and not a single mark of her bruises left to tell her earthly misfortune.

But if our lady was thus unmerciful to the bodies of the slaves, she made them ample compensation by paying the most handsome compliments to their minds. She condescended to copy from them all the virtues for which the blacks are so celebrated: she possessed their fine fire of wrath, their unextinguishable love of vengeance, their deadly hate of their adversaries, their exquisite skill in petty shifts and low cunning, and as to truth, no black ever took more freedoms with the goddess than this our lovely widow.

Like the blacks, this lady held all learning in the most sovereign contempt, and despised every worthy object of education: but in this scorn of mental acquirements it is said that there was something of hypocrisy or pretence, for all knew she could read the large print of a spelling book, and many went so far as to say that the lady could even write a note of invitation, and not make more than three or four orthographical mistakes in each line; but this latter assertion I believe to be a mere report circulated for the purpose of injuring the lady's character.

The widow was so exceedingly amiable, that she flattered and gratified the blacks, by copying many of their phrases and modes of pronunciation. Thus, door and floor, she would call do and flo; devil, was generally pronounced deble, polygamy was pollymy, scrofula, was scrofulo cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est, and the insults she gave to syntax were just as numerous and as brilliant. In short, had that excellent grammarian Mr. Lindley Murray, or those learned orthoepists Messrs. Walker, Sheridan, or Nares been so fortunate as to pass an evening in the widow's company, they would certainly have come to the conclusion that the lady was quizzing them, or that she was studying the most effectual means of insulting their respective hobby horses.

By way of a digression, I must relate the well authenticated fact, that whenever this lady washed her face, her countenance turned all the water into lemonade. This phænomenon was held in contempt by the savans of Cuba, until it received a confirmation from that learned man, who had had the honour of attending the lady as her physician.

This Doctor Sambo, like all other medical practitioners in the West India Islands, combined in his own person the various branches of his profession. Long had he panted to know whether it were a fact, that the widow's countenance had the power of changing water into lemonade. Could he ascertain this fact, and build upon it a new chemical theory, and deliver an account of his discovery, and of his speculations to the colleges of Europe, he doubted not that his name would be amongst the savans so glorious as a chemist, that Cavendish, Priestley, or Sir Humphry Davy would not be compared to him. But how to arrive at this knowledge puzzled the anxious votary of science. Had he hinted the subject to the lady herself, he dreaded lest her libellous tongue should crush his reputation, and her powerful fist should crush some organ of his frame, which might prove of fatal consequence to a man whose multifarious occupations rendered every particle of his person of inestimable value. After many a sleepless night, and anxious day of meditation, the learned doctor resolved to effect by stratagem what he could never hope to accomplish by

open measures. In short the disciple of Hippocrates resolved to outwit the descendant of Thalestris. He recollected that about ninety-nine times in a hundred of the visits he paid the interesting lady, she happened to be in, what the peasants of the west of England elegantly call a 'woundy passion.' I have often thought this term of 'woundy' both elegant and expressive, particularly when applied to passions such as the Widow Cooper was accustomed to indulge in, for her anger seldom subsided ere it had inflicted some wound on an unfortunate negro. Esculapius resolved to avail himself of one of those fits of fury, and fortune favoured his design.

It so happened that a barrel had rolled over the lady's foot, which however was of so tough a description that of the two bodies which came in contact, the barrel was rather the worse off by the collision. Perhaps the injury to them was mutual; the barrel suffered the fracture of a stave by striking against the lady's toe, and the lady's toe, although at the time not sensibly affected, some months afterwards began to produce a corn which eventually grew to about the size of an alderman's nose. Dr. Sambo as a chi-

rurgopodist, was employed to extract this wonderful corn, and he had already resolved to preserve this corn in spirits of wine, and to present it to the Museum of the Royal college of surgeons as a lusus naturæ.

As the doctor entered the house elated with hope, and overjoyed at the thoughts of his name being handed down to posterity as the preserver of the wonderful corn, he found the interesting widow busy at her usual occupation of pummelling a couple of blacks, one a sturdy, squat thick set old woman, the other a slight and delicate girl of eighteen. The severity of the exercise had given to the lady's face an unusual brilliancy of crimson, and as considerable vapour was driven upon the skin by the internal heat, her visage bore the exact resemblance to the tail end of a comet as pourtrayed in a child's picture book. The crafty varlet of a doctor, saw his opportunity, and fertile in expedients, he treacherously assured the beautiful Mrs. Cooper that if she would but plunge her face into a bason of cold water, it would draw all the blood from the toe, and he could perform his operation with less danger of hemorrhage. The unsuspecting widow straitway wrung for the wash hand bason, and into

it she plunged her ruby face, the water hissed and whizzed, the bason cracked, the doctor ran with it out of the room, and whipping a quart bottle from his coat pocket he filled it with the remaining liquid, and corking it up, restored it to his pocket, and returned to the room to perform his operation which the lady bore with a christian resignation.

Not with more extravagant joy did Archimedes leap from the bath when he had discovered the analysis of Hiero's crown, than did our doctor return to his shop with his pockets loaded, the one borne down by the precious bottle of liquid, the other filled with the extracted corn from the widow's toe. Entering his laboratory, with a trembling hand, and a palpitating heart, he applied the muzzle of the bottle to the muzzle of his face. What was his ecstacy when he found that fame in this instance had spoken the truth, and nothing but the truth. In fact the habitual sourness of the widow's countenance had impregnated the water with a strong acidity, and the fiery heat of her face, had given it a spirituous fermentation, even stronger than it could have derived from full proof Jamaica rum. In short, the liquid was excellent punch,

save and except that it was totally destitute of sugar, and had a bitter taste somewhat resembling gall.

The learned Doctor acquired imperishable fame by publishing, in the Philosophical Transactions of Cuba, a scientific dissection of the corn, and a chymical analysis of the liquid; and, like a true son of science, he accompanied both of these cases by a theory so learned, that, like all other theories, it will stand until some later theorist shall topple it down to the base of the slippery mountain of knowledge.

If the sagacious reader should thirst for information relative to these wonderful facts, I must refer him to the Transactions of the Royal Society of Cuba: he will find them recorded in Vol. CXXXVII. 4to. page 794, indexed under the heads of "Sowfire Family," "Corn and Punch." But lest these learned volumes should not yet have found their way into the kingdom of Great Britain, and lest my learned reader should not possess an estate sufficient to purchase 137 ponderous quarto volumes, I must inform him that Dr. Sambo satisfactorily proved the corn to be an incipient burning mountain, and the analysis of

the liquid was as follows :—muriatic acid, 47 ; solution of copper, 13 ; gall, 17 ; dirt, 4 ; and pure alcohol, 19 ; with a fraction of a fetid, effervescent matter, which baffled the analytical skill of Dr. Sambo.

I have dwelt long upon the life, character, and behaviour, of my interesting widow ; because the reception of such a woman into society must be extremely illustrative of the manners, habits, and sentiments, reigning in the *Spanish* West-India Islands. In Europe, such a creature would not be allowed to mix with the families of a retired butcher or a wealthy publican : in Cuba she was received by the ladies of the first consequence. I must do, however, the Creoles the justice to say, that the widow Cooper was secretly despised and hated by the whole island : her ignorance, her coarse and boisterous manners, her incestuous and libidinous life, had disgusted every body ; but yet her society was admitted by every body from motives of fear and prudence—" For Heaven's sake, don't quarrel with Mrs. Cooper : if you are not attentive to her, she will ruin your character." This common observation was incessantly made when

any lady or gentleman expressed a desire to repel such a being from society.

To an European, it must appear inexplicable how any character could be injured by a woman, who, to the faults I have ascribed to her, added the most unblushing effrontery in the violation of truth, and the whole of whose family was proverbial for this sin. In England, vulgarity and ignorance alone would have rendered such a creature innoxious; but in Cuba, the better part of society was kept in submission by the dread of her slander; and virtuous matrons, and unspotted youth, were obliged to submit to the impurity of her society, lest their fame should be sullied by the impurity of her tongue.

In England, I have sometimes seen ladies of graceful and elegant manners, with a soft engaging address, who were dreaded on account of their unhappy propensity to detraction, slander, or satire. Such ladies would paint their subjects with so much judgment and skill, they would touch so lightly, would exaggerate with such caution, and would time and disguise their insinuations or inventions with such prudence and delicacy, that al-

though aware of their character and designs, you would be insensibly won to their purpose, and allured to a confidence in what you more than suspected to be untrue: such ladies would throw a syren charm of wit and taste over all they said; and that the prudent should dread the ill-nature of such characters, is not at all surprising. But that a coarse and boisterous wench, too stupid to reach a point of satire; who blustered out her indiscriminate and violent abuse in vulgar pronunciation, and with the worst of grammar; who could not speak for ten minutes without an inconsistency and a want of recollection which detected and exposed all her acrimonious falsehood; that such a character, loaded with collateral infamy, should be able to taint the reputation of worthy people, and bully society into an admission of her presence, is what no European can possibly imagine. But so prone are both the gentlemen and the ladies of the West Indies to gossip, tattle, and defame each other, that a creature like this, is, of all animals, potent, dangerous, and destructive. In England, a gentleman, who found his wife or daughters in such company, would indignantly quit the room. In the West Indies,

the prudent wife and the timorous virgin would strive to win her favour, lest their names should become infamous for offences they never dreamt of.

But I have devoted enough of my pages to this concentration of all that is silly, vulgar, and wicked; and to complete my history of this celebrated Creole family of the Sowfires, I must now pass to a description of the widow Cooper's eldest sister, the famous Miss Eliza Dott Sowfire; or, as her more intimate friends are pleased to designate her, plain Betsey Sowfire.

This lady, who is destined to be the heroine of my history, was the very spittle of her lovely sister the widow Cooper; that is to say, she possessed all her sister's good qualities, but added to them many of her own: there was, however, one of the widow's virtues of which Miss Eliza Sowfire was totally destitute—I mean, that she had never loved her brother beyond the holy warranty of Heaven; and that, although of a constitution in which the blood plays heyday in the veins, she had neither been suspected of unchastity, nor had she ever condescended, like her sister, to make her house the place of rendezvous for

all the vulgar and libidinous of the neighbourhood. So far from this lady, whom, for the present, I shall call Miss Dott Sowfire, loving her brothers too much, she had abstracted herself from all human sympathy, that she might concentrate the whole rays of her affections upon one earthly object—and that object was herself.

As Miss Dott Sowfire had by her husband been introduced into better society than her sister had ever witnessed, she was considerably better bred than the widow; that is to say, she was less hoggish, less noisy and uproriou, and you might hope to pass an evening in her company without her putting her arms a-kimbo at you, without her snapping her fingers in your face—in short, without being put in bodily fear for the safety of your visual beauty.

With this lovely Miss Dott Sowfire did my hero, Mr. Juxton, fall desperately in love. His friends did all they could to dissuade him from the match: they urged the lady's gross ignorance, her unrestrained sensuality, and the general character of the Sowfire family. They argued, that such a woman could be no companion to a man of refinement and educa-

tion; and that in a country where people living so far from each other, a man's chief happiness must be his home; such a woman was unfit even for a day-labourer's associate. But the old Mrs. Sowfire herself opposed the marriage; for she had discovered in Mr. Juxton a crime which in her eyes exceeded in atrocity any crime on earth; the gentleman, tremble, gentle reader, to learn the secret, the gentleman, he had, what had he? why, he had, no money!!! Unless a capricious old uncle should make him his heir to the prejudice of the other nephews, this Mr. Juxton was without the virtue of a single doubloon.

If Cupid be blind, he is also known to be vexatiously obstinate and perverse; and so it happened in this present instance, for the worthy Mr. Juxton did neglect the advice of all his grave and learned counsellors, he did set at naught the prohibitions of the sage old Mrs. Amelia Sowfire, and he did marry the lovely Miss Dott Sowfire; and he did repent of it ever afterwards.

The torch of Cupid burnt over the hymeneal couch with all the brilliancy of youthful desire, but ere the honey-moon began to wane, the

lambent flame grew more pale and faint, and ere the honey-moon had ceased to glow, the flame was no flame at all, for the torch had entirely burnt out.

If one sister's marriage had given to mankind a proof that an union founded upon interest, was in its nature neither lasting nor felicitous, the present espousal gave a proof equally incontestible, that a marriage of mere appetite is both disreputable and disastrous.

As soon as the honey-moon then, had passed its meridian, the lady with her other garments, threw off the mask and began to show herself in her true colours; by which, I mean she began to show herself in her native deformity, without the disguise of any colours at all. In short, she began what the world calls, "to lead him a devil of a life."

This lovely and engaging Miss Dott Sowfire, whom we must hereafter call by the name of Mrs. Juxton, had concentrated in her own person all that species of understanding, disposition, and temper, which philosophers have announced to be requisite to form the ne plus ultra of a slanderer. In company she was taciturn, but behind people's backs her tongue made up for its previous silence, for

like the cherubims and seraphims, it never ceased going day nor night. The lady was morose, sullen, and haughty, and without one atom of merit, and of a family of needy adventurers to Cuba she had a pride which sunk old Lucifer's pride from a mountain into a mere mole-hill. Thus shortly after her marriage, she found herself what is called, "cut by every body," and as the world were still anxious to keep company with her husband, she had her revenge by contriving very soon to set him by the ears with man, woman, and child, of all degrees. Thus then this couple, although surrounded by the inhabitants of Montu Bay, were living in as perfect a state of exile, as if they inhabited a hut on the highest peak of the Cherokee mountains.

It may be asked, why should the good Mrs. Juxton, be chased from the society of Cuba, whilst her sister, equally bad with herself, was admitted every where. To this I must reply, that the lovely widow Cooper, when not in her tantrums, was really a jolly, roysterous sort of body, who could crack a joke, roar a peal of laughter, and toss off a good glass of grog. These were social habits, and if she had only worn a pair of galligaskins, she

would have made what in an English club-room is called, a jolly fellow. But far different was it with the interesting Mrs. Juxton. An overbearing pride, an insolent taciturnity, and her mischievous habits, were effectual repellants of any thing like association. In short, if she appeared at a public assembly, it might be said of her, as was said of poor Alonzo's ghost, that

'All pleasure and laughter was hushed at *her* sight,
The dogs as they eyed *her* drew back in a fright,
And the lights of the chamber burnt blue."

People did not scruple to assert, that this Mrs. Juxton never in her life had been for ten minutes in the company of any human being, without insulting, ill-using, and quarrelling with them. I have met with many people dreadfully addicted to what are called white lies, and many not much less addicted to black ones; but my heroine, on all occasions, great or small, had such an affectionate attachment to falsehood, that human speech as a medium of communication was perfectly useless. To understand her conversation, it was not only necessary to make use of your ears, but it was requisite to use your memory, your judgment,

your eyes and penetration, and by these fa culties perhaps, you might now and then discover that there was a fractional part of the lady's discourse, which bore a small resemblance to veracity.

I have mentioned that the female slaves of Cuba have been so brutalized by their masters, that they have no idea of becoming any source of happiness, or objects of affection to the men of their own colour. Impurity with the whites, is considered by them as an honour, and each West India island may with truth be called a wholesale brothel. If a gentleman's friends dine with him, the sequel of the dinner is the excess of drunkenness, and after the last libation, each male guest finds repose in the arms of some one of his host's black servants. Thus, what in Europe would be deemed the foulest insult to the lady of the house, is amongst the creoles thought nothing of; nay, the ladies themselves have little hesitation of making such conduct the subject of conversation in company. The allusions to scenes of this sort, which in European society would be deemed too gross to tolerate, in that country is the current commodity of conversation.

Wretched is it to reflect, and my heart

aches whilst I relate, that those beautiful and lovely girls, the daughters of creole gentlemen, who, educated in this country, in all the elegance, the delicacy, and refinement of moral society; who leave England in loveliness and in all the spotless purity of virgin youth, on entering the mansions of their parents, are doomed to have their ears assailed by language, and to be the hourly witnesses of scenes, which in England would be thought pollution to the eyes of the lowest vulgar. Oh! if these creole gentlemen were but susceptible of the finest feelings which touch the parent's heart, could their souls be elevated by a sensibility to the artless modesty of female youth, they would purify their conduct, and they would soon learn, that the grosser passions were but a poor enjoyment in comparison to the ineffable charms derived from the tender delicacy of the female mind; but in this western Archipelago, every thing is sensual, every thing is gross; and the cruelty of the whites to the slaves, is reflected upon themselves, by a total depravity of habits, which destroys all sensibility to the more refined species of enjoyments.

But as to my heroine, Mrs. Juxton, so

fond was she of collecting all the anecdotes, and all the news of the intrigues, and the impure loves of her island, that she bribed and kept in pay a number of black girls to afford her this gratification. Every amorous wile, every libidinous desire, from its first assumption to its last fruition, was poured into this lady's ear; so that, at length, her mind was a spacious magazine, in which was stored all the lascivious occurrences of all the brothels, the semi-brothels, and the demi-semi-brothels, for miles around her; nay, the lady herself would sometimes listen at doors to obtain this gratification.

But Mrs. Juxton had no idea of letting these records of Cupid's frolics lie mouldering in the chambers of her brain; she combined them into a thousand fantastical and malignant associations, creating a species of artillery which she played off so effectually on every body, that for miles around her, no family could enjoy a moment's repose; the actions of A she would attribute to B, and the sins of B would be reversely discharged upon A, or a compound would be formed of the two, and applied most dexterously to the destruction of some innocent person; in short,

the lady made the best use of her materials, and having the happy faculty of adding, subtracting, and of altering and embellishing facts, as well as the ingenuity to invent when occasion required, she was a perfect Pandora's box, and her mouth was as poisonous and as deadly to reputation, as the rifle of a Maroon to the life of his enemy. Was there a jealous husband, she put some evil construction on a harmless action, or invented some diabolical falsehood to ruin the lady's reputation, or blast their domestic peace; was a lady suspicious of her partner's fidelity, some faux-pas was discovered, or invented to justify her fears, and to torment her bosom; were a youthful couple in love, they were immediately severed by some cunning contrivance of defamation; in a word, this atrocious fiend had disseminated more misery than any person on earth, of a station equally low, and of talents equally despicable, but all recoiled on her own bosom; her breast was a burning furnace of conscious guilt; she was jealous of her husband, and she knew he despised her; she panted for society, and every body shunned her; the virtues and accomplishments of her daughters reflected her

ignorance and depravity. A sense of guilt often writhed her countenance, but still did the unhappy woman continue in the perpetration of her sins. It is remarkable, that Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Juxton were rigid observers of the sabbath, and constant attendants upon public worship; alas, could they but have felt, that the acceptable service to God, was "a broken spirit and a contrite heart;" could they but have felt that it was a mockery of the Deity, a profanation of his temple, to live in the communion of every sin, and to think of winning the forgiveness of God by an observance of the mere ceremonies of religion; could these wicked women have once felt this, they might have seen the necessity of abandoning their criminal course, and of "bringing forth works meet for repentance."

To such an unbearable length had the conduct of this Mrs. Juxton proceeded, that the neighbourhood at length arose, as if by common consent, and were resolved to chastise the licence of her tongue; several gentlemen came to the resolution of publicly insulting her husband, and calling him out, in resentment for the behaviour of his wife. They agreed, ere fighting, to say to him,

"Mr. Juxton, your neighbours have a great esteem, and even an admiration of you; we all feel attachment towards you, but we cannot have the domestic peace and quiet association of the place, so thoroughly disturbed by Mrs. Juxton. It is impossible, but that a man of your sense, and general good conduct, can restrain your wife, if you chose to exert your authority for the protection of your friends, and as you do not choose to do so, the gentlemen of the neighbourhood feel obliged, in the defence of their quiet, to resent the conduct of your wife upon yourself."

In pursuance of this resolution, it fell to the lot of a Mr. Brodier and a Mr. Knolls, to be the first to challenge the unhappy Mr. Juxton, and thus was an amiable and worthy man, thus was a father, whose good and lovely family depended on his existence, exposed to be shot for the fiendish folly of a mischievous woman.

But whether it was that the fates, not being born in Ireland, had no idea of the justice of blowing a man's brains out, because fortune had saddled him with a worthless woman, or whether these fates, in pure malignity, thought that the gentleman's death might be a bless-

ing to him, as a riddance from an intolerable nuisance, or whether they thought any thing of the matter, can only be determined by those learned folks who are well versed in all the mysteries of these fates; I dare say posterity will be satisfied with me, as a historian, if I content myself with simply relating the fact, that the fates ordained that the worthy Mr. Juxton should not be sacrificed, and that Mr. Brodier and Mr. Knolls should not have the honour of pistoling their friend on any such a business.

Some time after this, the lady, to the great joy of her neighbours, thought proper to decamp from the north side of the island, and to fly to the Spanish Town, or capital of the island, where she thought, perhaps, that her infamy was little known. But whether fame had or had not trumpeted her character before her taking up her new place of residence, is of little consequence, for the lady herself was hardly seated in her new abode before she began to put in practice all those friendly arts of attending to the affairs of other people, which, before, had set all her former neighbours of Montego Bay, together by the ears.

At length this excellent lady decamped for

the parent island of Great Britain, where, in a few months, she made herself infamous; and then, like Noah's dove, of rest bereft, she returned to the arms of the happy lord of her affections.

Fortune, who is consistent in nothing but in inconsistency, thought proper to play her capricious pranks, by bestowing on this Mrs. Juxton the most lovely set of children. Whether the goddess, in malignity, thought that the excellence of the daughters would render the crimes and deformity of the parent hideous, and delighted in the contrast; or whether the goddess was in a good humour, and enjoyed the loveliness of the children, without condescending to bestow a thought upon this huge female member of the Sowfire family, is beyond my learning to determine. Certain it is that fortune gave to this lady a set of daughters, who, to personal beauty, added the sweetest dispositions imaginable, tempers free from any of those grosser stagnations, and temperaments destitute of the sensualities and fierce passions which had distinguished the parent, and which seemed inherent in the Sowfire families. In short, these lovely children, fortunately, took after their

father's family, which was really a family distinguished for a higher order of intellect, and for the refinements of elegant minds; and if the mother was a gangrene, a festering sore, in the moral world, these beautiful and excellent children were like stars of peace and righteousness.

But it is now time that I draw to a close, and begin to relate that tale of horrors which first suggested to me this history.

Even above all those follies, faults, and crimes, which I have related, Mrs. Juxton was celebrated for her incessant and atrocious cruelties to her slaves. At the mention of her name horror seized the hearts of the unfortunate negroes; in her fields the lash resounded day and night, and the inmost recesses of her dwelling sent forth the screams of the tortured slave. People of Mrs. Juxton's destitution of intellect are very frequently celebrated for a species of low cunning, and for paltry contrivances of spite and cruelty. This was remarkably the case with Mrs. Juxton, who had an astonishing degree of vulgar subterfuge, and of petty shifts and inventions. But in her cruelties to the slaves, she resorted to many of these for the purpose of mortify-

ing the poor wretches whom she tortured. She would make them carry to the driver the order by which they were themselves to be flogged. One of her modes of punishment was, to confine the unhappy wretch in a rum puncheon, doling out to the creature the food which, in her idea, was sufficient for his existence. Nor did any sense of female dignity prevent her using her own sturdy arm in the application of the lash.

It is known that the negroes are remarkably superstitious, and our heroine, if possible, exceeded them in this common result of ignorance. The slaves imagine that by incantations and charms they can effect the destruction of any person obnoxious to them, and many of the white inhabitants are fully persuaded of their powers. A few years ago a poor black woman, who had often felt the lash from Mrs. Juxton's muscular arm, resolved, by a charm, to wither the limb which dealt the unmerciful blows. To effect this object the poor creature put an old shoe, and a mixture of herbs, in a bag, which she deposited in her mistress's room. But the superstitious Mrs. Juxton discovered this wonder-working shoe, and, firmly persuaded of its efficacy,

ordered the culprit to be flogged to a degree of unusual severity.

A gentleman of Mr. Juxton's superior acquirements, when the business of the day, and its toils had ceased, naturally wished for a companion who, if destitute of learning, or even of information, might yet possess the captivating vivacity and playful sprightliness of the sex. The delight of the evening is, after the anxious business and deeper speculations of the day, to unbend the mind, in cheerful conversation, with one who displays the unassuming modesty, and chaste simplicity of the female character. But home presented no such charms to the educated Mr. Juxton. The vices of his wife had exiled herself, and with herself had exiled him from friendly association with his neighbours; and left alone with her, for the evening, her tongue, in execrable grammar, and worse pronunciation, did nothing but detail the debaucheries of the neighbourhood, or pourtray the fermentations of a malignant temper and a heart of gall. Thus Mr. Juxton was driven from his home, and forced to a course of life far from reputable: a life which purchased the gratification of vicious sensuality, by the sacrifice of immediate refinement,

and at the expence of reputation and conscience.

It was a few years ago that this gentleman felt an attachment towards a beautiful young girl of colour, a slave on his estate. He made a proposal of clandestinely associating with her. I have already mentioned that the unfortunate slaves consider it an honour to be criminally noticed by the whites, but in this instance the unfortunate Anna had a horror of a mistress which rendered all other considerations of no importance to her imagination. The principal, the only desire of her life was to be rid of her lady's tyranny. The image of her tormentor haunted her night and day; and she resolved to make her master's attachment the means of liberating her from the oppression of her hated tyrant. To effect her object, she refused to gratify his views unless he previously bestowed on her the inestimable gift of freedom. He observed to her in reply, that her request was impossible; 'how,' said he, 'can I liberate you, you are not my slave, you are the property of your mistress, and if I were to give you money sufficient to purchase your freedom, she would immediately suspect the source from whence you derived

the sum, and would wreak her ten-fold vengeance upon you.'

But the unhappy Anna, resolute to her purpose, and fertile in contrivance where so much was at stake, devised an expedient, by which her object might be accomplished without exciting suspicion or running the risk of detection or defeat. She agreed with her master that she should acquaint his wife with her desire to purchase her freedom, and agreeing with her relatives to the price, she would stipulate that the purchase money should be paid by periodical instalments of a doubloon, an amount which according to this mode of payment, it was not unreasonable to suppose that her friends by a joint subscription could supply.

These terms were acceded to by Mrs. Juxton, and her husband forthwith began his amours with Anna, giving her the necessary doubloon. Thus did this identical doubloon, pass periodically from the husband to the slave, the slave paid it to her mistress, the mistress gave it to her husband, and the husband again gave it to the beautiful Anna, to be again paid to the deluded wife of her paramour. Nor did this magical doubloon for a

long time excite any suspicion in the course of its quaternate ramblings and revolutions.

It is strange that Mrs. Juxton whose mind was the focus attractive of all the amorous adventures of her district, should for months have been the only person of that district who was unacquainted with her husband's infatuation. The fact is, that so hated was the lady that none of her own colour had any communication with her, and although Mr. Juxton's intrigue was well known to the blacks, the poor wretches, had they communicated the proceedings to his wife, dreaded lest, in the eruption of her indiscriminate fury, they might fall within the application of her revenge. They therefore wisely thought it most expedient to hold their tongues upon the subject, and let the news of the proceedings travel to the lady's pericranium by the immutable order of natural causes and effects.

At length the planets, the comets, the satellites, and the constellations with the via lacteis and the primum mobile, had performed all those revolutions which brought sublunary affairs into the exact position which struck the news of Mr. Juxton's amour, right upon

the tympanum of Mrs. Juxton's auditory organs. The lady at this piece of intelligence felt a shock as great as when a cat is trod on by the clumsy foot of a drayman. Soon however her first emotions were moderated, and she began like a philosopher to draw a conclusion from comparing, arranging, and associating all the circumstances of time, place, motive, and character of the transaction and of the parties engaged in it. But if any doubt existed in the lady's mind, it was at once removed, when, looking at the doubloon which the lovely Anna had lately given her in part payment of her freedom, she found it to be the identical coin which she, the said Mrs. Juxton, had previously given to her treacherous lord and master. Now all her doubts were at an end, and the fact of her husband's stolen hours of lust stood before her mind, in its presence chamber, with all the clearness of —— I don't know what, for I have racked my brain this hour to find a comparsion and without any probability of my meeting one to my liking.

But although this conviction on the lady's mind was strong enough, yet she wisely be-

thought herself that there was nothing like what is vulgarly called ocular demonstration. Fortunate had it been for the world, if many a learned theologian and profound philosopher had thought of this species of demonstration, when he was settling his important doctrines and making his wonderful discoveries. It is much to be regretted that those useful classes of persons called divines, scholars, philosophers, men of science or scavans, do not, like vulgar folks, make use of their visual, olfactory and other nerves, instead of depending so much upon their genius. The lady of our history had no great respect for philosophy, she never trusted any thing but her senses. Seeing, said she, is believing, and she straightway ordered her carriage, and she straightway got into it, and she straightway ordered her coachman to drive to his master's country house of Cid hall, and straightway did the coachman obey her orders, and lo and behold the lady as she entered the hall straightway received the conviction of her eyes, and straightway were her eyes confirmed by all her other senses. The lovely Anna stood before her.

The unexpected appearance of the mistress at Old hall, was like a riving thunderbolt to the unfortunate Anna. She was now only about fourteen or fifteen years of age, full of beauty and of grace, and of a mild and gentle disposition, badly suited to meet the ferocious temper of her infuriated mistress. Sense of guilt the poor creature had none, for without moral or religious education, continence had no charm, nor adultery no terrors to her soul. At the sight of Mrs. Juxton, the memory of that woman's deeds of blood rushed rapidly through her mind. She stood motionless, stupified by fear, her limbs were rigid, her eye with a deadly glare cast a long unaltered gaze on her mistress, but betrayed not consciousness. It was the vacant, colourless eye of hopeless misery; the mistress uttered no threat nor exclamation of revenge; her's was the sullen silence of resolved vengeance; the horrors of concentrated cruelty glared from her fiery glance; it shot deadly terror into the heart of her victim. Never did this lady give vent to passions, she suppressed her rage and deferred her punishment, that her spirit might be glutted by the devices for inflicting the

most exquisite degrees of suffering. Mr. Juxton, shocked at the sight, showed here the only instance of fortitude he had ever dared to assume in the presence of his wife. He immediately ordered her to return to the town, and his mandate was given with an earnestness which awed the lady into immediate submission. She left the Hall, resolving in her soul the gratification of wreaking her vengeance the next morning on her devoted victim.

But what could restore the unhappy Anna to composure and peace. On Mrs. Juxton's absence she awoke once more to consciousness, but at the recollection of her deadly looks of vengeance, she relapsed into the expression of speechless agony. At length nature exhausted, she clasped her hands and sunk upon the earth. She was restored, but restored only to alternate fits of frenzied apprehension and of death-like insensibility. In vain did her master promise her protection. She knew he dare not oppose her persecutor, and she knew her oppressor's appetite for blood was insatiable. Nothing could assuage her grief, her slight and youthful form was to

be scarified, by the lash. She was to be exposed to the taunts and insults of the unfeeling throng. Every thing which could mortify her feelings and torture her body would be daily resorted to. Her mild and gentle nature beheld her figure standing rigid with the compression of determined cruelty. Her last sanguine look haunted the lovely creature's imagination. She alternately raved and sunk into listless apathy, then striking her breast, she cast her fine dark eyes in supplicating looks to heaven. Clasping her hands, and pressing them to her burning forehead, in a piercing tone she shrieked her mistress's name, and sunk on the floor, with her head buried in her lap. Her soft and youthful form could not support the conflict. That night the unhappy Anna disappeared, and may the God of all mercies pardon her offence.

In the mean time Mrs. Juxton rode home in the full enjoyment of anticipated vengeance. That night she slept not, but revelled in her various schemes and inventions of punishment. She rose in the morning with her heart palpitating at the thoughts of scenes which alone her nature was capable of enjoying.

Rumour had carried to the gang of slaves that the morrow's sun was to witness one of those scenes of blood to which, alas! they were but too well accustomed. All was expectation—all was breathless horror. That sun which awoke many from the quiet sleep of innocence, alike aroused the guilty woman from her perturbed couch of blood. The appointed hour had approached. The gangs of slaves were summoned, and were ranged in silent rows to witness the punishment. The instruments of vengeance and suffering were exposed, and the executioners stood prepared to obey their mistress' command. Pallid fear was on every face, and each slave shot forth a glance expectant of the mistress's approach. At length it was announced to her that all was in readiness, and her coarse unwieldy form was seen rolling from her house to the spot of torments. As she cast her fiery eyes over her gang, every nerve was withered, and every limb trembled with fear and apprehension. She viewed the cat o' nine tales and the cowskin with a look of demoniac satisfaction, and at length in harsh, shrill tone, directed the culprit to be brought forth. But Anna,

the lovely, the unfortunate Anna, was removed from her cruelty. As soon as she ascertained that her victim had ceased to be in her power, she cast a fierce glance of malignity through the group, and returned to her house meditating fresh schemes of oppression. The negroes knew by fatal experience that the tragedy would not yet terminate. They knew that their mistress's thirst of blood had been excited, and they knew that it would not subside without its banquet. On whom the thunder-bolt would fall, they could not divine, but that it would fall on some hapless wretch all felt convinced of. All were innocent, and the chances were therefore alike common; but this uncertainty occasioned a dreadful suspense and apprehension.

Soon after Mrs. Juxton had retired to her room, it struck her that the unhappy Anna had two old and infirm aunts, who were field-negroes on the property. These miserable beings had already spent their youthful vigour in their master's service, they might be therefore maimed, confined, or disabled, without any serious pecuniary disadvantage to their owner. These thoughts were like electric

shocks of joy which thrilled through the veins of the mistress. She immediately sent to them by a negro the simple message, "I am obliged to you."

This message, so ridiculously laconic, would in any other case have been absurd or unintelligible, but to Mrs. Juxton's negroes such a message spoke but too clearly some intentions dreadfully savage. The unhappy creatures abandoned themselves to despair immediately the message was delivered to them. They did not however suffer long the agony of suspense; their fate was soon announced to them. They were taken out, exposed and dreadfully flogged, and ere the streams of blood had ceased to flow from their withered backs, their merciless tormentor imparted to them that such floggings were to be periodically repeated, that they were to be chained together by the neck in a cell, and hereafter were never to see the sun but at their toil, and under the lash of the overseer.

"Remorseless, the torture you fiend-like applied
On the old, for the faults of the young,
When under that torture your victims had died,
And horror filled every tongue.

"'Twas not the volcano of jealousy's rage,
That made thy fierce bosom to swell
Ere thy victim expired—thou hadst time to assuage,
'Twas thy nature, black essence of hell.

What had these aged creatures done, that they were to have their limbs scarified, and to be denied the joyful light of heaven; that the remnant of their painful pilgrimage was to be spent in chains, in dungeons, and in torments? Was it proved that they had been aiding, or even privy to Mr. Juxton's luxury of debauch? No.—Was it even probable? No.—The fearful Anna knew that her mistress kept spies in every direction; she imparted not the secret of her stolen hours even to her aunts: but had these miserable victims suspected, or known the fact, could they have divulged it. It was too dangerous a task to tell such a tale to a woman of their mistress's blind and undiscerning ferocity. Supposing the facts known to them, how wretched was their situation. Concealment brought them to a painful death; imparting the secret would have exposed them to the vengeance, at least, of their master.

In Cuba there was a law which, under a penalty, prohibited the whites from punishing

the slaves, by collars round the neck. But there is a certain constitution of mind which, although stupid almost to a degree of idiotcy, is yet possessed of a species of low cunning, and a fertility in the invention of mischief. This was precisely the order of intellect possessed by Mrs. Juxton. No negro on her property equalled her in obtusity of understanding, but yet did this creature's love of cruelty sharpen her invention to the contrivance of evading the colonial law, by substituting chains for the prohibited collar.

These old negroes were chained together, and when their daily labour had ceased they were locked up in their solitary cell, and confined until the morning's sun again called them to their toils. The meridian sun of a tropical climate, is intolerable, even to a negro constitution; and the slaves are, therefore, from policy, allowed two hours intermission from the labours of the field. At twelve the shell blows for them to leave off work, and to recreate themselves until two. By Mrs. Juxton's order, her victims, at shell-blow, were not allowed to enjoy the miserable consolation of mixing with their fellow slaves; they were

conducted to their cell, in chains, and confined till the hour of two again summoned them to their work. Wretched was it to behold these poor old creatures, weeping, shackled, and bloody, creeping from their den, and following the long line of slaves to their daily tasks in the fields. Oh God! what a heart must this woman have had, to be the unrelenting witness of such a scene? To view such a sight, and not to tremble for "the wrath to come." But like the rock of granite was her bosom; naught affected it but the corrosion of human butchery.

Thus, for some time, did this disgraceful transaction continue, and no magistrate was found sufficiently conscientious or humane to stop the proceeding, or to bring the culprit to justice. By the laws of the island any magistrate, who hears of such inhumanity, upon only probable grounds, is bound, by his oath of office, to institute enquiries into the transaction; but laws are variable, according to the purity or corruption of the judge, and in the land of slavery all is corruption.

The base and cowardly Mr. Juxton beheld these poor old creatures daily suffering the

lash on account of his unmanly lusts. This hoary lecher, whose daughters were older than the sacrificed object of his desires, beheld these poor creatures, day after day, dragged forth to the stake; he was on the spot, nor did he interfere to save these innocent victims of his degenerate gratification.

But at length indignant nature broke the chain. These poor creatures could bear their sufferings no longer.

The day of periodical flogging had again arrived, and again did the mistress order its application. The lash had torn the flesh from their aged bones. Chained and streaming with gore, the tottering wretches were driven into their nightly cell. Sleep fled their eyelids. Seated on the floor, cold and stiff with wounds, eight hours of night were passed in speechless agony; their faces were hid between their knees. At length the balmy freshness of approaching morn awoke them to a consciousness that their daily task, with their daily torment, was about to be renewed.

"Oh God!" cried the feebler one, "when are our sufferings to cease?"

"Ask you," said her companion, who was of a firmer nature, "ask you when our suffer-

ings are to cease. What, have you seen so much, and yet have hope? Have you not been born on the estate, and did you ever know our mistress to lose her feast of blood? This savage human hound, never yet spared her victim. There is no hope," cried she, starting up with a frantic energy, "there is no hope; as the lash fell on my shoulders I read it in her fiery eye. We are now suffering for our master's lusts, but such is his dread of this monster, that even he dares not interfere to save us. The magistrates know of our state, and do not stretch forth a hand to save us. We have no hope. The white man feels not for the negro. All hope is gone. Can you," she cried, with a dreadful emphasis, and grasping her companion's wrist, cast on her a penetrating glance, almost supernatural.

The look was immediately understood. "Oh yes," cried her companion, "any thing to rid us from this state of torture. Suicide is a sin, but the God of mercies will pity wretches like us."

All was determined; misery had rendered them mutually intelligible, they fell into each other's arms, and wept a speechless but an eternal adieu.

Relieved and soothed by weeping, they felt a sedateness and a composure to which they had long been strangers. They shed a tear over the fate of their niece, and sighed for the miseries of their fellow slaves, who were to live the objects of their mistress's cruelty. On their knees they poured forth the empassioned prayer of wretchedness to their God, and in the simple language of oppressed nature, they implored forgiveness from the throne of grace.

They were suddenly aroused from their devotions by the curse and the accompanying lash of the overseer, who had unlocked and entered their cell without their being aware of it. A silent tear trickled down the cheek of the younger one, she involuntarily trembled. The dilated eye of the other looked at the smiter with a glare of unconscious abstraction.

They were beaten out of the cell. The long line of slaves had already gone by the door of the dungeon, and the brutal overseer, leaving the prisoners, ran forward to the head of the gang.

No plan of destruction had been fixed on, all was left to impulse. The milder of the two

sufferers began patiently to follow the general body of the slaves. "Stop," cried her companion, and grasping her by the palm of the hand, with a look of dreadful resolution, pointed to the neighbouring pond.

The look was but too well interpreted. They lagged behind till the gang of slaves had turned the adjoining hedge, and throwing their arms round each other's necks, gave one fervent embrace, and deliberately walked into the pond.

They were chained by the neck; whatever position the one took, must of necessity have been taken by the other. The pond was shallow, it merely covered the waist; nature prompted them to throw themselves either forward or on their backs, but as if to shew the firmness of their purpose, they grasped each other firmly by the palm of the hand, and standing upon their feet, they bent forward, and resolutely kept their heads under the water.

They were soon missed by the overseer. He discovered their situation, and ran to extricate them. They were dragged out of the pond. The one was resuscitated and restored to her mistress's vengeance. The soul of the other had fled to its God.

A coroner's inquest sat upon the body of the murdered negro. With a jury of white men, the murder of a black is a question easily disposed of. Mr. Juxton's overseer was bribed to screen his mistress. He stated to the coroner, that the deceased and her companion were refractory and indolent; that he had therefore thought proper to bestow upon them moderate chastisement, and that the black nature being revengeful and morose, they had wickedly resolved upon suicide, in resentment to their owners.

The jury were satisfied with this explanation; the murdered black was buried in the highway, and her relations taught that her soul was writhing in hell. At the ensuing race ball, the murderer appeared gaily dressed and facetious with her friends.

"Thy thoughts of the past not a joy shall impart,
The future must fill thee with fear,
For the blood thou hast wrung from the African's heart,
Shall in judgment against thee appear *.

* "Oh! ill starred wench,
————when we shall meet at compt,
That look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it." OTHELLO.

Repent then, repent ere that judgment is cast,
Remember the path thou hast trod;
Thy hey day is o'er—life's current ebbs fast,
Thou must soon stand at count with thy God."

THE END.

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